

DON'T LET THE DOOZERDOO BUILD HIS NEST IN YOUR HAIR!  
DON'T LET HIM DIG HIS CLAWS INTO YOUR CONSCIENCE!

10c a Copy

MARCH 14, 1924

Vol. 6, No. 11

# *The* AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*



# Another Argonne Offensive Begun by Fighting Legionnaires



**"Shoot  
two  
bits" ?**

*We will cover your money, Buddy!*

**THE FIGHT IS ON—YOUR FIGHT**

The big fight is on. It is a fight for recognition of justice for service men and the Legion's fight for existence. A fierce attack has been waged against the Legion. The first offensive staggered it. The Legion's big counter-attack began February first. Many effective blows have been struck at the opposition since then. The interests that are trying to destroy The American Legion can be defeated by an increased membership. Decisive victory is yours if you shoot straight and shoot now. Your two bits will get a new member.

## WHAT YOU DO

Shoot two bits to help bring a Buddy of yours into your American Legion post. If you are a live and loyal Legionnaire, you will do it.



## HOW YOU DO IT

Wrap a twenty-five cent piece in this circular. Write the name and address of a service man on the coupon. Mail both to Comrade Frank Samuel at National Headquarters.

## WHAT WE DO

You send us your quarter, *we do the rest*. We go after the man whose name you send. We send him an invitation from the National Commander to join your Post. We send him a guest card inviting him to attend your next meeting. We write to your Post officials. We cooperate with them in getting the service man whose name you send us to join. In other words, your quarter sent to National Headquarters to be used in this manner discharges your obligation to your Post and to the Legion. Send in the quarter—we do the work.

**SHOOT TWO BITS NOW!**

Comrade Frank Samuel  
Organization and Membership Division  
National Headquarters  
The American Legion  
Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Frank:

I am an active and loyal Legionnaire. Here are two bits. You do the work. Get a new member with this quarter!

Here is the prospect.....

Address .....

City..... State.....

My name is..... Post No.....

**INSTRUCTIONS:** Fill in the blank. Place a quarter on the emblem in the center of this sheet. Fold it over on all sides so that money will be secure. Mail this at once!

**Poison Gas Attacks by  
Enemy Arouse Legion  
Fighting Spirit**

**Gigantic Push to Be Made  
on All Fronts to Win  
Decisive Victory**

**Membership to Be Doubled  
for Great Offensive**

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Mar. 14, 1924.

—An official communique from the National Commander announces the necessity for another "Argonne offensive." The American Legion must gather its forces and double its strength for an attack on the interests that seek its destruction just as the American Army routed the German Army in the Argonne in the Fall of 1918.

The American Legion stands today in the same position as did the Allied Armies at the end of the summer of 1918. Then they needed a big offensive to push to a victorious finish, the advantages gained over the Germans in attacks made during the summer. Just so The American Legion has won numerous skirmishes with the enemy during the past few months. Even President Coolidge admits the justice of our great fight against the unfair methods being used by the enemy.

We must now marshal our forces for a final attack that will rout the enemy interests and win a big victory for The American Legion and all service men.

To make this GREAT ATTACK, we must double our membership. To do this a very simple plan has been hit upon that makes it very easy for every loyal Legionnaire to do his bit in getting a new member.

Read the circular which has been printed to the left of this column. A copy of this circular will be sent to you by your Post Adjutant. Posts will receive a supply of these circulars from their State Headquarters. State Headquarters will be supplied by National Headquarters.

Your part in the Legion's great drive for members is to send in the names of all service men you can think of. Use the circular printed here to send in a name and use the circular your Post gives you to send another.

Let's show the Profiteers and money-grabbing interests that The American Legion is made up of fighting men that can fight NOW as they did in 1918.

**IT'S YOUR FIGHT, COMRADES!**



# "How I Became Popular Overnight!"

"They used to avoid me when I asked for a dance. Some said they were tired, others had previous engagements. Even the poorest dancers preferred to sit against the wall rather than dance with me. But I didn't wake up until a partner left me standing alone in the middle of the floor.



This is Arthur Murray, the world's foremost Dancing Instructor. He has taught more than 120,000 people how to dance through his unique easy learn-at-home methods.

"Being a good dancer has made me popular and sought after. I am invited everywhere. No more dull evenings—no bitter disappointments! My whole life is brighter and happier. And I owe it all to Arthur Murray!

"I was astonished to see how quickly one learns all the latest steps through your diagrams and simple instructions. I mastered your course in a few evenings and, believe me, I surely did give the folks around here a big surprise when I got on the floor with the best dancer and went through the dance letter perfect. Now that I have the Murray foundation to my dancing I can lead and follow perfectly, and can master any new dance after I have seen a few of the steps.

## How Dancing Made Me Popular

### She Used to Envy Good Dancers

In the short time that I have had to study over the lessons and the very little practicing that I have been able to do, I cannot tell you how pleased I am with the lessons. I had always been in the background when attending dances, as all the better dancers were chosen, and I really envied my friends on the dance floor.—Miss Bertha Shiple, Perrysburg, Ohio.

### He Had Never Danced Before

I received the instruction book on dancing and I must say that it is more than I expected. Last Saturday I went to a dance and as it was my first occasion I sure was surprised to find your lessons so easy and yet so interesting, that I sure will tell others about your wonderful system.—Clarence V. Mortensen, Earle, Wisc.

### Receives Many Compliments

I had wonderful success with your other dances and have been complimented on my dancing since taking your lessons. I also had a surprise for my friends when I informed them that I learned from your wonderful method of teaching by mail.—Walter Rich, Chester, Mass.

### Learns in Short Time

I received your course in dancing a few days ago and have been to a couple of dances already. I was much pleased with your instructions. I have a friend who took personal lessons and I am just as good a dancer now as he is.—Arthur Hossak, Flint, Mich.

"THAT night I went home feeling pretty lonesome and mighty blue. As a social success I was a first-class failure. Then I saw your advertisement in a well-known magazine. At first I wouldn't believe that you could teach by mail because I always had the idea that one must go to a dancing class to learn. But I figured I could risk 25c—especially since you guaranteed to teach me.



Posed by Ann Forrest, famous movie star, and Arthur Murray.

from him. And more than 120,000 people have successfully learned to become wonderful dancers through his learn-at-home system.

## Five Dancing Lessons Free

So sure is Arthur Murray that you will be delighted with his amazingly simple methods of teaching that he has consented for a limited time only to send FIVE FREE LESSONS to all who sign and return the coupon.

These five free lessons are yours to keep—you need not return them. They are merely to prove that you can learn to dance without music or partner in your own home.

Write for the five lessons today—they are free. Just enclose 25c (stamps or coin) to pay cost of postage, printing, etc., and the lessons will be promptly mailed to you. You will receive: (1) The Secret of Leading. (2) How to Follow Successfully. (3) How to Gain Confidence. (4) A Fascinating Fox Trot step. (5) A Lesson in Waltzing. Don't hesitate. You do not place yourself under any obligation by sending for the free lessons. Write today.

### ARTHUR MURRAY

Studio 170 290 Broadway, New York

Arthur Murray, Studio 170  
290 Broadway, New York City

To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening you may send the FIVE FREE LESSONS. I enclose 25c (stamps or coin) to pay for the postage, printing, etc.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Also at 150 Southampton Row, London, England.

"My sister's family have all learned to dance from the course I bought from you, and it would do your heart good to see how fine her little kiddies dance together after quickly learning from your new method of teaching dancing at home without music or partner."

## Dancing Now as Easy as Walking

If you can step forward, sideways and backward there is no reason in the world why you shouldn't learn any of the latest dances in one evening and all of the newest steps and dances in a very short time. The Murray method is in no way complicated. The diagrams are so easily understood that even a very small child can learn from them, and a whole family can quickly become perfect dancers from the one set of instructions.

## Learn Without Music or Partner

No longer is it necessary to go to a private dancing instructor or public dancing class. Arthur Murray's remarkable methods are so clear that you don't need any partner to help you, neither do you actually require music. But after you have learned the steps alone in your own room, you can dance perfectly with anyone. It will also be quite easy for you to dance in correct time on any floor to any orchestra or phonograph music.

Arthur Murray is recognized as the world's foremost authority on social dancing. He was chosen to teach the U. S. Naval Academy's dancing instructors the newest ballroom steps. Many of the social leaders in America and Europe have selected Arthur Murray as their dancing instructor. In fact, dancing teachers the world over take lessons





"I'm afraid you've killed him. Run, Jason, run! Run to the end of the earth and never come back!"



"Judge, do you truly believe that I stole that money?" "What I truly believe, Mahala, can be of no earthly value to you now."



"No, Ellen, no! You can't do this. For God's sake, try to understand that you can't give away your baby!"



# Crazy Becky Is Sane!

THE word is breathed swiftly from home to home. Women run bareheaded through the streets. Men gather in groups and whisper softly of her story. They recall to one another strange things that happened long ago. . . .

And suddenly, the mob is galvanized. Crazy Becky is telling her ghastly secret. Somehow, miraculously, her reason has been restored. She is sane—and she is telling the truth! Now they know why

she always carried over her shoulder a fluttering snow-white flag. Now they know why she has spent her life among them, searching, always searching.

There rises from the mob a snarl, like that of an angered animal. Shaking hands reach for clubs, axes, rails, whatever savage weapons are near. A stone crashes through the bank window. A huge farmer swings an axe above the raging mass. Revenge!

## Gene Stratton-Porter's Greatest Novel

A page torn from her own childhood in Indiana  
—the story she has always wanted to tell

### "THE WHITE FLAG"

There is no fiction writer living today who is more dearly loved, more clearly understood, than Gene Stratton-Porter. Hers is the pen of genius. One moment whimsical, the next profound; one moment merry, the next indescribably tender—she has won her way into the hearts of more than 50,000,000 readers.

"The White Flag" is unquestionably the greatest novel from the pen of Gene Stratton-Porter. It is a story based upon her own childhood days—a story she has waited a lifetime to tell. Many regard it the most important book of the year. Every well read person will want to own it.

### 200,000 Copies in Four Months

In the short time that "The White Flag" has been on the book lists, more than 200,000 copies have been distributed. This is phenomenal. The great demand has inspired this special direct-to-you offer. Order your copy today.

### Special Approval Offer Send No Money

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., welcomes this opportunity to place in your hands Gene Stratton-Porter's masterpiece—"The White Flag." Because of the tremendous demand for this important book it is possible to make a special offer to those who order now.

No money is necessary. Just clip and mail the coupon to-day, and "The White Flag" will be sent to you at once. When it arrives give the postman only \$1.98 (plus few cents delivery charges) in full payment.

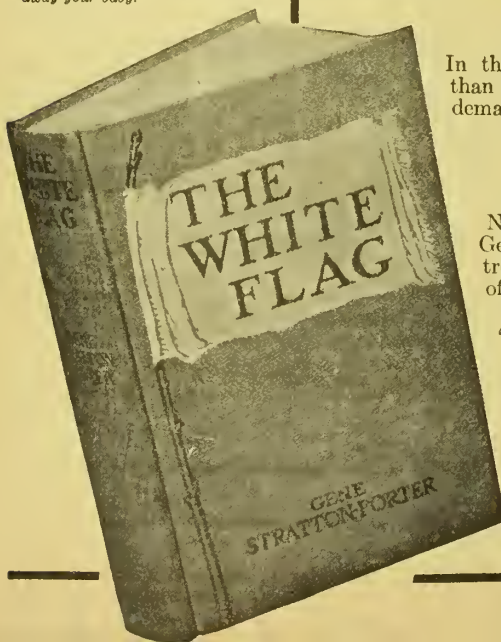
Act NOW! Send the coupon to Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. W-363, Garden City, New York.

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. W-363,  
Garden City, New York.

I, too, want to read Gene Stratton-Porter's greatest novel, "The White Flag." You may send me my copy at once. I will give the postman only \$1.98 (plus few cents delivery charges) on arrival. It is understood that I may return the book and have my money refunded any time within 5 days if I do not consider this one of the most interesting and powerful tales I have ever read.

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .





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MARCH 14, 1924

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PAGE 5

Illustrations by  
Walter de Maris

The Governor, it  
seemed to him,  
sometimes regarded  
him with a certain  
light in his eye not  
wholly unhumorous



Part One  
of  
William  
Almon  
Wolff's  
New  
Serial

## With PRIVILEGE of STOPOVER

I

IT isn't at all necessary to go to Los Angeles from the East by way of Seattle; most people, probably, would consider the necessity of doing so distinctly annoying. They would point out that, even though the fare be the same, you have to buy extra Pullman space and pay out good money to dining car stewards. But then it was largely because he never reasoned things out in that fashion that Bill Paterson was on his way to Los Angeles, anyway. Bill was the sort who, if he happened to have the price, just took a taxicab and never bothered to prove even to himself that spending that money represented true economy—which can, of course, in most instances, be easily done.

Bill had no hankering for Los Angeles, in any case. That need provoke no outburst of indignant letters from that delectable city; he had noth-

ing against it. It was simply that when he got there he was going to have to go to work, selling real estate for his brother. And, while Bill had nothing against work either in a general way, he loathed the idea of selling real estate, and he detested the idea of working for his brother—although he liked his brother very much, and they got along singularly well, for brothers. It was just—but, after all, all that will come out gradually, later, and needn't be gone into in detail here and now.

So far as this particular trip of Bill's was concerned, it had begun, conventionally enough, in New York, and his tickets read as those of any right-minded person would who was going to Los Angeles in winter, by one of the southern routes—he had happened to take the Santa Fé, because the agent had felt like selling him transportation out of Chicago by that road. It might just as well have been the U. P. or any other line, because he had no sort of

notion of stopping off at Albuquerque to see the Indians or at the Grand Canyon.

In view of what happened in Chicago it must be made perfectly plain now that Bill didn't, as a matter of fact, notice, with any degree of interest, the people in the section opposite his. The girl was pretty enough, certainly, but Bill's mind didn't happen to be working along those lines just then, and he gave her the cursory sort of glance one gives anyone in an opposite section, and let it go at that. He did realize that she was traveling with her father, but he couldn't very well help that. Help realizing that, one means; let it be plain that Bill didn't care, then, whether she was traveling with her father or her fourth cousin once removed.

It was the dining car steward's fault, not Bill's, that he shared a table with them both at dinner and at breakfast. And it was sheer fate that mixed him up with their affairs; the wildest,



silliest chance. They were only about half an hour out of Chicago when the extraordinary thing happened. Yet, really, it wasn't so extraordinary; Bill's name wasn't an altogether unusual one. And what happened was that a porter came through, calling it, and when Bill, quite naturally, answered, gave him a telegram, duly and properly addressed to Mr. William Patterson, on that train. It had reached the porter, obviously, at Elkhart.

BILL took it, gave the boy something, and swore, even before he opened the message. He was stopping off a night in Chicago, anyway, to attend to some matters for his brother, and this telegram, he was afraid, would provide him with enough more to do to spoil some plans he had made for looking up some friends. Only it didn't. It did—ultimately, of course—a lot more. But all Bill saw, when he tore the envelope, was a jumbled mass of words.

That fact annoyed him still more, but he didn't yet realize that he had a message intended for someone else. It was sufficiently like his brother Jim to send him a code message—trusting him to have sense enough to figure out what code he had used. So he put it in his pocket, because he couldn't begin to read it until he had a code book. And he didn't think about it again until he was at his hotel—where, again by chance, he registered just after the man and girl who had been opposite him on the train.

He couldn't help seeing their names, of course: John C. Winston and Miss Barbara Winston. The name struck some vague chord of memory; the clerk, a moment later, made him know why.

"That's Governor Winston," he said. And his tone would have made Bill understand, if he hadn't known it already, that Governor Winston was a very big man indeed. In the absence of an hereditary peerage, the accolade bestowed by hotel clerks and head

waiters serves a distinctly useful purpose. "Guess he's headed straight for the Senate—and the White House after that, unless I miss my guess."

"Shouldn't wonder," said Bill. But he didn't really care much; his interest in politics was no more than nascent. "Got a room and bath for me? I didn't think to wire—"

"Oh, I guess so," said the clerk. And he studied his chart, and, after due hesitation, chose, at random, one of his seventy or eighty vacant rooms, and bestowed its key upon Bill—or, rather, upon the boy who had Bill's bags—as if he were doing him the greatest of favors.

## II

IT was an excellent room, from one broad window of which Bill could look out over the lake, which, because it was frozen, and the snow-covered ice was moving in great piles, was distinctly worth looking at. Jim Patterson, at whose expense Bill had acquired this room, would never have enjoyed that

view, however. He would never have had that room. Had he gone to that particular hotel, the clerk would, without even an effort to put over a six-dollar room, have assigned to him one of those in the back of the house. Jim Patterson was like that—which was probably one of numerous explanations of the fact that Bill was going to work for him.


It was, in any case, a particularly good room, and Bill disposed of his things, and then sat down in an extremely comfortable chair, to do some telephoning and see what could be done about arranging a party for that night. First, however, he pulled out the telegram. He could, he thought, spot the particular code Jim had used, telephone to the office to have it sent up, and so be about his business.

One minute showed him that the message wasn't in code at all, however, but in cipher. And that wasn't like Jim at all. He was not giving to playing practical jokes—especially at telegraphic rates. He

might use a code, because that was a way to save money. But Bill was sure he knew nothing about ciphers. Bill, on the other hand, did. One learns about such things in Intelligence. One can learn about most things in the Army sooner or later.

Even though he was pretty sure by now that that particular message had been intended for some other Patterson, Bill went for that cipher. He couldn't help it; it was too tempting. It was an unusual cipher; the details would be boresome, and are accordingly skipped. But it took him some time to get at the particular trick involved. And when he had the whole message written out in plain language this is what he read:

WINSTON AND DAUGHTER CENTURY STAYING CHICAGO THURSDAY



Thirty seconds later he knew exactly how it felt to be thrown from a moving train into soft snow



NIGHT LEAVING FRIDAY NIGHT TEN NORTHERN PACIFIC DONT KNOW HOTEL BUT TOO RISKY TRY ANYTHING CHICAGO ANYWAY BEST BET IS ' ) GET RID OF WINSTON ON TRAIN AS ' ORIGINALLY PLANNED SATURDAY NIGHT.

There was no signature, but that, on the whole, did not surprise Bill. It seemed to him that if he had occasion to send such a message he wouldn't sign it, either—but that he *would* take some pains to see that it wasn't delivered to the wrong man.

The message seemed plain enough. Winston and his daughter had been on the Twentieth Century out of New York. He had heard the Governor say that they would be spending just the one night in Chicago. So far he was himself able to check up with the cipher. And the rest, the part that dealt with the future, looked pretty sinister.

Anything might be involved. Men like Winston made enemies, naturally—in their own States and outside of them. Winston, in particular, probably had an especially fine list of people who disliked him, for he had made a good deal of fur fly in his own State and had been the head of a reform administration that had more than made good its pre-election promises. There was obviously only one thing for Bill to do—to take this evidence to Winston and warn him of the menace that hung over him.

TO make that obvious decision, however, was, as it turned out, much easier than to carry it out. It seemed to Bill that he ought to deliver his warning very much in person. Winston was traveling alone, except for his daughter; he had no secretary with him. And if some conspiracy against him were on foot, Bill felt, it wasn't wise to trust anyone. So he went downstairs and asked to have his name sent up to the Governor, with the explanation that he was unknown to Winston, but had information of importance to give him.

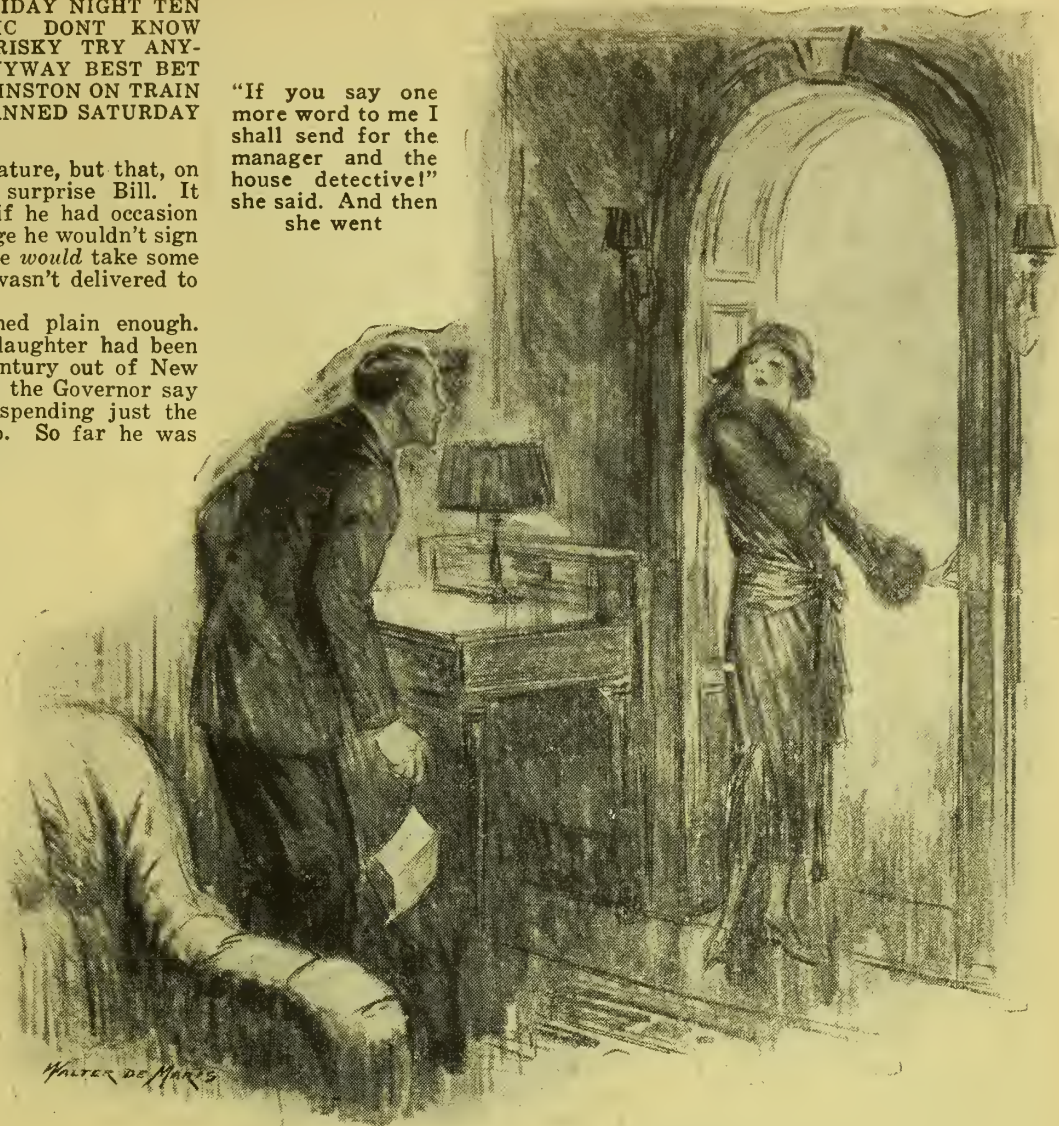
"Sorry," said the clerk. "Can't make any calls to the Governor's room—nor deliver any written messages. He's dated up for important conferences every minute he's here—the national committee is having a meeting here. Afraid you're out of luck."

"Not me," said Bill. "Oh, well—I'll get a chance at him, somehow, I guess. He'll have to show up sometime."

"That's your best bet," said the clerk. "Hard man to reach—but just as nice to talk to as they come, once you get to see him. Why, he'll stand here and talk to me—"

Bill wouldn't, though, and didn't. He

"If you say one more word to me I shall send for the manager and the house detective!" she said. And then she went



went off frowning. He hated important people—a phobia acquired, perhaps, in the Army. Why the devil should he bother about a man who acted as if he were President already? But he knew he would. He couldn't let a thing like this go by default. And he was more than ever sure, now, that it wouldn't do just to write a note, enclose cipher and translation, and consider his duty done. He had to see either Winston or his daughter and deliver his warning in person. His daughter—happy thought! Perhaps the embargo on messages didn't apply to her.

It didn't. The clerk could send a note up to her—and did. Just a few words, Bill wrote; he had something of great importance to tell her that couldn't be put in writing if she would come down and meet him in the lobby or some other room. Word came back fairly soon; Miss Winston would see him in the blue room in half an hour.

BILL liked these people less and less. Who and what did they think they were? Half an hour! And he, presumably, was to cool his heels until it suited her pleasure to come down! She might, at least, Bill thought, have said she would be down right away, even if she wasn't coming for half an hour. He

wouldn't have minded waiting, particularly. After all, he had known girls, in his time. But, of course, he waited.

He was thinking about something else when she finally did come, and jumped up, confused and embarrassed, when he half heard, half saw her in the door. There wasn't any reason for him to be either confused or embarrassed, of course; he just was. He went toward her, flushed—he had an idiotic way of blushing, for all his twenty-seven varied years, and it was particularly noticeable because of his light hair and his blue eyes.

"Oh, Miss Winston—" he said, and held out his hand, as he neared her, instinctively. That was a foolish thing for him to do, too, of course, but he did it without thought, and because, in his confusion, he had to do something. And he was impulsive, anyway. She ignored his hand and drew herself up a little.

"Oh—" she said. And there was a chill in her voice to match the wind that was sweeping across the lake outside.

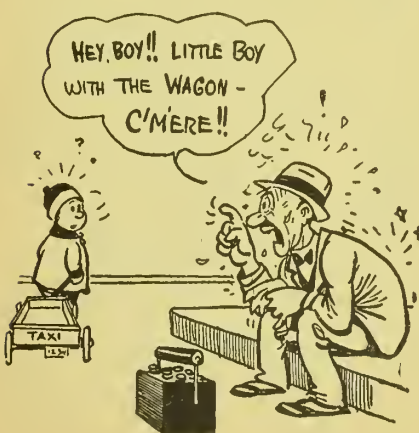
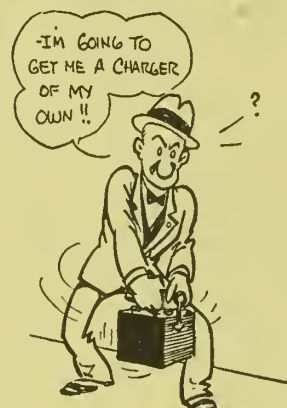
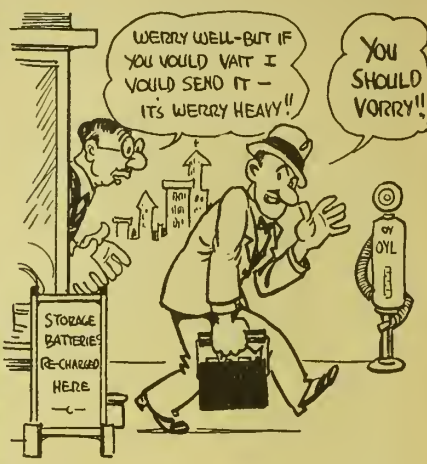
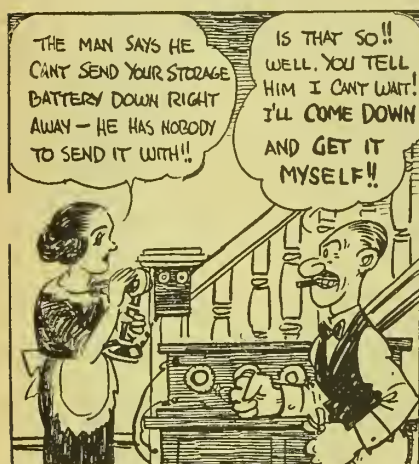
Now, although Bill really hadn't taken notice of it yet, this was very much more than a pretty girl. Miss Barbara Winston was, indeed, by way of being a beauty, and had been so pro-

(Continued on page 26)



## Short Circuited

By Wallgren





# Where France Is Really Sunny

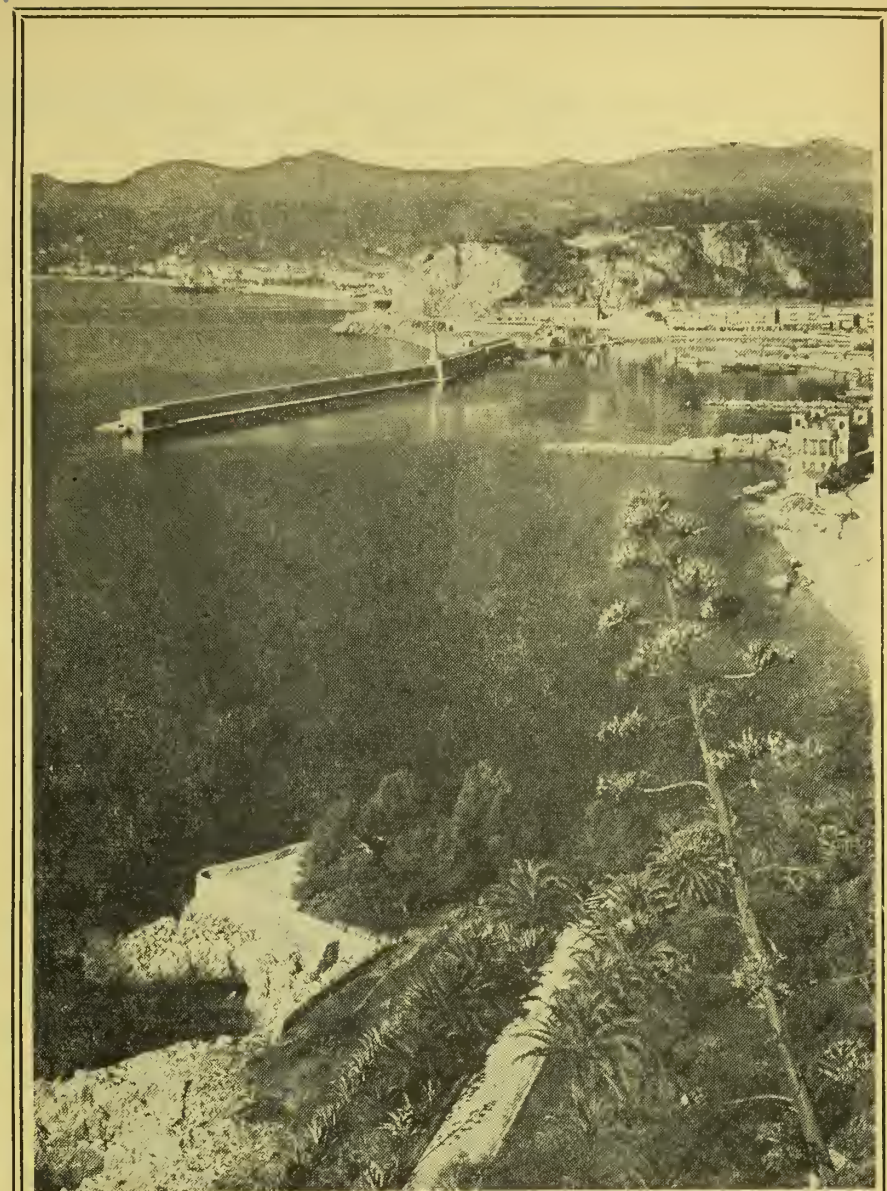
*An Ex-A. E. F.-er  
Returns to Nice*

By John R. Tunis

PARIS was rainy and cold as we drew up in front of the Gare de Lyon to take the train for the south, and so dark was it in mid-afternoon that the big lights inside the station were barely visible through the mist. People were stamping their feet on the cold stone platform, and porters were blowing on their hands and waving their arms in a vain attempt to get the chill out of their bones as we climbed on board the express marked Calais-Mediterranée. Five hours later we steamed into Dijon, memories of the army coming to mind as we looked out on the train-shed that four short years ago was crowded with hospital trains going south, troop trains leaving for the north, and the American express en route for Chaumont. Strange, silent and deserted it looked—a porter or two, a bearded chef de gare, and that was all.

It was still raining hard when we left Dijon, but the sun was shining the following morning as we pulled into the station at Nice—Nice, center of the biggest leave area of the A. E. F., the place that entertained some hundreds of thousands of Americans in 1918 and 1919 and convinced them that there really was one part of France that was sunny. The train jerked, slowed down, jerked again, and then stopped, the French people in the compartment leaning out of the windows and shouting for porters. After five years we were back on the Azure Coast.

Somehow the station looked strange and empty. Gone were the familiar uniforms of olive drab; the unwelcome black armband was nowhere to be seen. Gone also were the lofty officers with R. T. O. on their sleeves, gone the Red Cross girls and their lunch room at one



Nice, playground par excellence of the A. E. F., with the Vieux Port in the foreground

end of the platform. In their places were travelers of all nations—English and Americans, French, Dutch and Italians—while on every side blue clad porters who four years ago were lugging rifles now were carrying five or six suitcases strapped together and thrown over one shoulder. Across the tracks and down the platform the mob poured, past the office that had once been filled with Sam Browne belts, and on to the exit. No standing in line now, no signing of leave papers, no filling in of cards, no delay of any sort. You just delivered your ticket and found yourself once more standing in the warm sunshine of the Riviera.

Nice today is very different from the Nice of the A. E. F. You will notice the difference as you stand on the steps of the station and look in vain for the old shed which sheltered the M. P.'s, for the rows of army trucks and buses and ambulances which used to be drawn up to await trains from the north. Now

instead you will find pink and cream colored hotel buses, each with its own driver and a blue frock-coated concierge who will shout at you with all his voice as you pass.

Paris is different today without the armies, but Paris is a big city, and seems less strange than a smaller town like Nice, which was engulfed under the tide of khaki for half of 1919. You notice the difference as you walk down the Avenue Malussena, the Broadway of Nice. Shop girls hurrying to work, iron shutters being banged up with violence in the early morning, here and there an auto speeding down the street, but never a single uniform in sight. Then I turned around to look up and down the broad avenue, and found that I was wrong. There was a uniform in sight.

He was coming toward us, a tall, thin man with a kind of turban on his head. His appearance was that of a second

(Continued on page 18)



# EDITORIAL

**F**OR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

## Mr. Mellon's Rebuttal

**S**ECRETARY OF THE TREASURY MELLON has issued a reply through the pages of the *Literary Digest* to National Commander Quinn's statement, published on the front cover of the Weekly for February 1st, that President Harding vetoed the Adjusted Compensation Bill relying on estimates prepared by Mr. Mellon which later proved erroneous by one billion dollars.

Mr. Mellon's reply to Commander Quinn is in no sense a denial. On the contrary, it is an admission of the basic truth of the Commander's statement. This fact stands out despite the many hundreds of words which Mr. Mellon uses to explain why the Treasury Department's estimate of a deficit of \$697,000,000 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1923, was followed by an actual governmental surplus of \$313,000,000 for that same fiscal year.

Nothing that Mr. Mellon says in his statement alters the fact that President Harding did veto the Adjusted Compensation Bill in September, 1922, after he had previously told the service men of the country that their account would be settled when the country could afford it. Nor does anything Mr. Mellon says alter the fact that when Mr. Harding vetoed the compensation bill, his action was the direct result of the misleading estimates of governmental finances which had been given Mr. Harding by Mr. Mellon.

Mr. Mellon, in his reply to Mr. Quinn, states that the rapid recovery of the country from the financial depression of 1921 and increased revenue under the new tariff act, together with savings in expenditures on account of railroads, saved the Government from the predicted deficit and prevented realization of the forebodings of governmental indigency voiced by President Harding on July 11, 1922, in a speech which forecast his intended veto of the compensation bill. The unbiased examiner of the evidence is at liberty to draw his own conclusions. Certainly Mr. Mellon was in a position which should have enabled him, had he wished, to take into account all these factors in advance. The country undeniably was well on the road to prosperity in the summer of 1922. The tariff law had been made effective and its heavy receipts were anticipated, to say the least. Most certainly, also, Mr. Mellon knew in advance what to expect in the adjustment of the railroads' accounts with the Government. The truth of Mr. Quinn's statement stands out more forcibly than ever:

"The answer is that President Harding had told the ex-service men their account would be settled when the country could afford it. So Mr. Mellon told him the country couldn't afford it."

In his statement in the *Literary Digest* Mr. Mellon also comments on other points made by Commander Quinn, and in each instance he is equally unconvincing.

For example, Mr. Mellon refers to Mr. Quinn's citation of the fact that "eighteen months ago the Treasury Department officially estimated that the cost of adjusted compensation would be \$80,000,000 a year." Mr. Mellon admits that the government actuary prepared estimates of the yearly cost of the compensation bill which President Hard-

ing vetoed as follows: 1923, \$77,440,889; 1924, \$92,177,729; 1925, \$73,100,962, and 1926, \$370,229,885. Although Mr. Mellon does not say so, the estimates for later years were even less than those for the four years mentioned. Mr. Mellon does say, however, that "upon a basis of what is now considered would be the probable exercise of the options given by the bill, the Treasury figures the cost of the bonus for the first four years as follows: 1924, \$161,729,002; 1925, \$111,336,378; 1926, \$92,676,005, and 1927, \$661,545,183."

Mr. Mellon's fresh assortment of statistics does not answer Mr. Quinn's allegation that the Treasury Department, headed by Mr. Mellon, can furnish "new figures" on the cost of compensation whenever they are needed to bolster up the arguments of those opposing the bill. Mr. Mellon's latest figures, quoted above, again differ from the previously-quoted estimate of an average cost of \$250,000,000 a year, which opponents of the compensation bill have been using in their arguments to prove that payment of compensation will make tax reduction impossible. The Legion will scan skeptically any estimates Mr. Mellon submits as long as he is employing the resources of his appointive administrative position to carry on propaganda against a proposal which must be decided by the legislative branch of the Government. Mr. Mellon as an administrative officer of the Government has gone far beyond his rights by trespassing upon the business of the legislative branch. Most certainly he may supply any information which Congress requests from him. But his office carries with it no prerogative to dictate to Congress what it shall or shall not do, nor does it carry a prerogative to make the Treasury Department a propaganda machine against any legislative measure. The Legion will rely upon Congress to obtain from unprejudiced and disinterested sources the estimates of the cost of the Adjusted Compensation Bill in the form in which it shall be enacted.

Mr. Mellon also comments upon Mr. Quinn's statements that the British Government's annual payment of \$160,000,000 on its debt to this country and the proposed cut in government expenditures of \$220,000,000 would more than offset the cost of adjusted compensation. He says the \$160,000,000 item was included in his estimate of 1924 receipts and that the \$220,000,000 saving was an important factor in preparing the estimate of the 1924 surplus of \$329,000,000. These facts may be granted. The important consideration is that even the conservative Mr. Mellon does look forward to a \$329,000,000 surplus for 1924—and if he errs this year as strongly on the side of conservatism as he did when he misled President Harding, the country may happily be surprised by another surplus of almost a billion dollars instead of \$329,000,000. And it is exactly Mr. Mellon's own surplus which the Legion contends will make possible the passage of the Adjusted Compensation Bill this year, with tax reduction at the same time.

Of course people want lower taxes. Of course the war veteran wants lower taxes. Of course everybody wants economy in government. There is nothing to be debated there, no question of partisanship. Neither party enjoys a monopoly of these planks—and woe to the party that would dare read them out of its platform. But it is the Legion's contention, and a provable contention, that adjusted compensation would be no bar to tax reduction. And if anybody is trying to prove the contrary, he had better support his case with something stronger than Melanian arithmetic.

Nothing Mr. Mellon has said changes Commander Quinn's contention that "this Government can pay adjusted compensation and reduce taxes, too. It can pay adjusted compensation without hardship to anybody."



*A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer*

# *The Things That Count*

**C**OLLEGE professors are highly educated. If education supplied wisdom they would be wise. Real education, however, requires a knowledge of some things not in books.

Wiser than all the professors should be the president of a college. A recent test would indicate that this is true in the case of President Hibben of Princeton. If it has left him appearing lonely at Princeton he may be assured that he is understood by ex-service men who did not go to college or even through a high school.

When a Princeton professor canvassed his colleagues as to which is the most important word in the English language, the one which received the most votes was loyalty. It is a good word. It stands for sticking to your cause, ideals, family, chief and country.

But you may be loyal to a bad cause, bad ideals and a bad leader. The German soldiers were. To convince them of their error it took four years of education, the same time required for a college course, applied by the millions of Allied soldiers.

So loyalty may be misplaced. It is if given to some of the men who have been conspicuously before the public recently in Washington. A thief may be loyal to his pals. You may be loyal to friends who are leading you into false paths and interfering with the higher loyalty to good ideals, your family, true friends, and your country.

Courage stood second on the list. A noble word. If you have it you will never be mentally or physically craven. You will not be called a slacker in time of war. It was vitally important in educating the Germans, who did not lack courage, that they were in wrong for a bad cause under a bad Kaiser.

So you may have courage which is not serving the good of your fellow men. There is a kind of courage which is the bravado which will ram its head against a stone wall. A group of anarchists who fought to the death from a barricaded house in London years ago had courage of one kind. Courage may not go with loyalty, industry, kindness, fair play, decency, intelligence and a sense of duty to others.

**SPORTSMANSHIP** was another word that had high favor. This implies playing the game, all the way from boxing and baseball to tiddle-de-winks and croquet, according not only to the letter but to the spirit of the rules, never cadging and ever being a cheerful loser and gallant victor.

A man who is mean in other things is frequently mean in games. A good sportsman is usually a good fellow. We like to play games with him. He may be a joy at Kelly pool, and, in some cases, because he is, you lend him five dollars which you do not expect to be paid back. He may not be industrious, intelligent, loyal, courageous or provide well for his family.

I believe that Jack Dempsey has never been accused of fouling in a fight. They say that he is a good fellow. But as a soldier in the late war he did not shine.

Sincerity and honesty are also good words, great words. You do not count for much if you are dishonest and insincere. Yet you may be both honest and sincere and lack the intelligence to keep you from being the prey of the dishonest and insincere who have a good line of talk and are out to make the most of everything for themselves, and the devil take the hind-

most. That explains why we have war profiteers and bad politicians in office.

There is one word which embraces loyalty, courage, sportsmanship, honesty, intelligence, sincerity and the other words on the list. Only President Hibben among these highly educated men chose it as the most important. It is the word which you must understand out of life as well as books, and which is understood by the men and women who were in the United States uniform in the late war. Therefore are they called ex-service men and women. Of course, the word is service.

Have I a sense of service? This is the question to put to yourself when you consider what kind of a citizen and human being you are. A sense of service in war and in peace, day in and day out, to your fellow men, family, chief, friends and country.

Our soldiers and army nurses have recorded their service. They were loyal to a great cause, to family, friends, chiefs and country. Theirs was not only the supreme proof of courage in action but in the grind of preparation. Had they lacked courage against the enemy's courage the cause might have been lost. The honesty and sincerity of their convictions had the blood test. If they had not been intelligent they would have failed against that well-organized enemy.

**A**ND sportsmanship? Was there ever a game in which obedience to the letter and spirit of the rules was so necessary as in modern war? Being a good fellow at outdoor or indoor peace sports is easy compared to being a good fellow and neighborly and considerate in camp and in the trenches.

The team play that tightens up behind a pitcher in a pinch is a faint imitation of that which tightens up behind an officer in a pinch. And industry? Anyone who has carried a pack or dug trenches or put out barbed-wire knows what that means.

Service is the supreme, unselfish, looking-all-around word which bears the burden of progress in the world. Money is not its god. It means going to war for a dollar and a dollar ten cents a day when able-bodied men at home are getting ten dollars.

We have had men in office who have forgotten what real public service means. We have some rich men who seem to think that it means thinking in terms of money all the time. An absentee, in peace, of the spirit of service which our soldiers gave in the war is the cause of the scandals in Washington today. The able-bodied youth who bore the burden of the war or their generals did not fail. They are not failing in their everyday work in peace. It is their generals of peace who have failed. The cure is service.

True service has a good memory. Above all, it is not ungrateful. It does not forget a just debt which it can afford to pay. Every citizen who sees his country secure should not forget who made it secure. The rich man, who sees it prosperous, should not forget who made it prosperous. An officer, as he estimates his income tax, should not forget the days when his men showed their sportsmanship by tightening up behind him in a pinch. He would have been rather helpless if he had had to face the Germans all alone, acting as his own catcher and fielders. When he meets his men again he wants to glow with the feeling of that big word, service, which includes loyalty, courage, honesty, intelligence, sincerity and sportsmanship--and also a square deal.



# Forecast: Fair and Warmer

WASHINGTON, MARCH 3D. THE warm season in Washington has set in unusually early this year. True, the wintry winds do blow from one snowy end of Pennsylvania Avenue to the other, and the trees on the White House lawn are enfoliated with ice which winks and glistens in the sunshine like the remarkable crystals of the East Room chandeliers. But these outward signs are misleading. The thermometer of public affairs registers fever heat. Recent turns of events have made this capital much too hot a place for the comfort of the opponents of the veterans' Adjusted Compensation Bill.

In point of fact the foes of this legislation are falling back in some disorder over a front which is bounded on the east by the Atlantic and on the west by the Pacific Oceans. Not only has the offensive of the shock troops of High Finance propaganda been brought to a standstill, but these doughty soldiers of the selfish interests have been blasted from their defensive positions, and are on the run.

Exposed by the Legion, repudiated by their own generals and disavowed by the President of the United States, they present a crestfallen spectacle of arrogance humbled and grandeur departed. It is a spectacle which Legionnaires and Legion organizations throughout the country already have begun to bring to the attention of the Congress and the public. It is one of the best exhibits the Legion has been able to put in its show window since the present compensation fight began.

This language of mine may seem tolerably emphatic, but it is less emphatic than the language President Coolidge used last week in his letter to the Weekly denouncing an example of anti-compensation coercion which came to his attention through the perusal of these columns. In condemning the attempted enforcement of employees to write their Senators and Congressmen to vote against the "bonus," the President characterized such tactics as "utterly un-American, subversive to the very fundamentals of democracy."

National Commander Quinn came to town a day or so after Mr. Coolidge had so expressed himself. The President asked the Commander to call at the White House. Mr. Quinn did so and thanked the Executive for the position he had taken on a form of propaganda which has been so widely employed to prejudice the Congress and the country against the Adjusted Compensation Bill—a propaganda almost universally supported by the press, which is mainly against this bill; a propaganda which had made such headway, prior to its exposure by the Legion, that the opposition to the veterans' measure was jubilantly asserting that its fight had been won. Mr. Quinn

represented the Adjusted Compensation Bill to the President as a measure of economic justice, earned by the veterans, expected by them and pledged to them.

That evening in an address at the National Press Club Commander Quinn told the corps of Washington newspaper and press association correspondents that the propaganda which the President deprecated has been an every-day occurrence in Big Business's fight against the Legion. He submitted documentary evidence to prove this—evidence linking the business associates of Secretary Mellon with enterprises of this character. I am relating this to you in this letter, because otherwise you might never hear of it. Judging by expressions I receive from department and local Legion officials in widely separated parts of the country, it is no great secret to the Legion membership that a large section of the press cannot be depended upon to publish accurately—if, indeed, any—accounts of events which seem favorable to the "bonus" cause.

## One Side Only

A CASE in point is Mr. Quinn's Press Club speech. Some anti-compensation papers ran accounts of it, but a great many did not, though no paper of the latter class that I have seen neglected to display the vague denial which Secretary Mellon entered to Commander Quinn's charges. That denial, by the way, did not come to the newspapermen directly from the Secretary's lips. The morning following the Quinn speech Mr. Mellon cancelled his regular audience with newspapermen who had come to his office primed to question him on points raised by the Commander and a Treasury subordinate instead handed out typed copies of the denial.

To insure myself against bias I shall report to you the Commander's speech by quoting excerpts from the New York Times, an anti-compensation paper which printed a lengthy account.

"I have here a letter sent to James S. McCulloh, the vice-president and director of the New York Telephone Company, and it is signed by Knowlton Durham of the Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League," Mr. Quinn said. "I want to read you a couple of paragraphs from this letter, which was sent to many men of wealth. The letter says:

"Senators and other prominent interests leading the fight against the bonus state that no greater support could be given them than the development of organized veteran opposition to such legislation. We are going to provide it.

"Twenty-five experienced organizers are to be kept at work throughout the nation forming units and state divi-

## Fair Weather Continues to Favor the Compensation Fight, with the Outlook Hopeful—Assorted Samples of the Antis' Attack—Two Opposition Senators Announce Their Conversion to the Veterans' Side

sions of our league up to the very moment the issue is decided. Concurrently 20,000,000 copies of the enclosed pamphlet—our message of principle and facts—will be effectively distributed to voters. This work in itself, with its attendant publicity, will produce profound impression on the public mind and Congress. It will require approximately \$200,000 to carry on this program."

"I think that this letter establishes the character and object of the Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League.

"Now I am going to quote you a letter written by H. B. Rust, president of the Koppers Company, Union Trust Building, Pittsburgh, Pa., to this man Durham." [Mr. Rust's letter to Captain Durham was published in the Weekly for February 22d. In it Mr. Rust congratulates the captain and promises a "substantial contribution" to the League, paying the money over to George P. Davison, who was raising funds for the League in Pittsburgh.]

"Mr. Davison [continues the Times account of Mr. Quinn's speech] is vice-president of the Gulf Oil Corporation of Pittsburgh. Now these two men, Mr. Rust and Mr. Davison, are business associates of Andrew W. Mellon. I suppose, technically, Mr. Mellon has severed his connections with all private enterprises, but nevertheless around Pittsburgh these companies are still known as the Mellon interests, because the Mellon family directs their activities and the Mellon fortune is represented in part by their earnings. So I think I am safe in assuming that the Mellon fortune is being used, in part, to promote this paid propaganda against adjusted compensation.

"Now the President took occasion to condemn as un-American the coercion of employees by their employers to write their representatives in Congress that they are opposed to adjusted compensation. I am going to read you a letter that came in my mail the other day. It is on the stationery of the Chicago By-Product Coke Company, Thirty-first street and Kostner Avenue, Chicago. . . . This letter says:

"I am enclosing two form letters which this corporation is distributing to its employees in wholesale quantities. The fact that the anti-adjusted compensation faction has stooped to this is sufficient proof of the hole in which they find themselves. You will note that in the enclosed letter, in which instructions are given as to exactly what is to be written, the employees are "commanded" to tell their representatives in Congress certain things, and it will require no exhaustive stretch of the imagination to visualize what would happen to the employee (and his family) who disregarded the command. I have personally seen scores of the letters which are the fruits of this campaign. They are collected and brought to the main office, where ste-



nographers are worked far into the night typewriting them.

"I hope this will reach our [the Legion's] legislative committee in Washington, where they may be used to advantage. Inasmuch as I am dependent upon my salary from this corporation while supporting my wife and myself, and educating myself, you will readily understand that it will not be to my advantage to have my connection with this matter made public."

"Now in justice to that boy, I will not disclose his name," Mr. Quinn continued. "I will be pleased to give a Senate committee his name, and if he should lose his position, as he fears, The American Legion will find him an equally good job somewhere else."

"It is no news to any of you men that the big corporations are employing these tactics. But the Chicago By-Product Coke Company is a name that would be recognized in the building across the street. [On the opposite side of the street from the National Press Club is the United States Treasury.] The Chicago By-Product

Coke Company is a subsidiary of, and with the same offices and directors as, the Koppers Company of Pittsburgh. H. B. Rust is the president of both. The Koppers Company is tied up with the Anti-Bonus League, as I have shown you. These corporations are known as, and referred to in the parlance of finance as, 'the Mellon interests.'

"Now, gentlemen, I do not know whether Andrew W. Mellon has full knowledge of everything that is being done by the officers of the various corporations with which he has been associated. But don't you think that this chain of evidence shows pretty conclusively that the Secretary of the Treasury is not only supporting the paid propaganda in opposition to adjusted compensation, but also that the employees in his interests are being coerced into writing letters to their representatives in Congress?"

The Commander's address made a deep impression on his hearers. In fact, so deep an impression did it make that Secretary Mellon endeavored to offset it to some extent by having the

official publicity representative of the Treasury issue a denial in the name of the Secretary. This denial, however, neither denied nor purported to deny the authenticity of the evidence Mr. Quinn submitted to substantiate his case. It ignored these details and confined itself to the general disclaimer of the charge that "the Mellon fortune" had been employed to further propaganda of the type the Commander (and the President also, though no reference to Mr. Coolidge was made) had disapproved. Inasmuch, however, as many newspapers which had omitted to publish a line of the Commander's speech printed with great fidelity the Secretary's attempt to discredit this speech, the impression was lodged among hundreds of thousands of newspaper readers all over the United States that Mr. Quinn had made some rash and irresponsible statements for which he was quickly rebuked and the public set right by an ever watchful Secretary of the Treasury.

So continue the peculiar methods on which the opposition seems obliged to

# Why I Will Vote for Adjusted Compensation

By Two United States Senators Who Formerly Opposed It

**T**WO more Senators have committed themselves to support the Adjusted Compensation Bill since the Legion began its intensive campaign to spread the truth about this measure and to expose the tactics of the interests which oppose it. The declarations of Senators Owen of Oklahoma and Sterling of South Dakota are particularly noteworthy because in the past these Senators have always voted against compensation and were confidently counted by opponents of the bill to vote that way again. Senator Owen's declaration is more emphatic than that of Senator Sterling, but the Weekly's advices from South Dakota are that Mr. Sterling may be definitely counted on to support the bill. Both Senators declare that an examination of the country's financial affairs is proof that the debt to the soldiers can be paid without burdening anyone. In explaining their change of attitude both Senators refer to Secretary Mellon's "billion-dollar blunder" in revenue estimating. Their statements follow:

*By Robert L. Owen*

**I**N August, 1922, I withheld my vote from the bill for the soldiers' bonus for several combined reasons.

First, there had been no instructions from Oklahoma or adequate expression of the opinion of the people there.

Second, the Republican party was in full control of both houses and the Presidency and were offering what I thought was a gold brick; that is, they were getting credit, as a party, with the ex-soldiers for passing the bonus while keeping in with those opposed to the bonus by an assured veto which they knew would be sustained.

I voted for the veto because the act had made no provisions to supply the Treasury with the funds required and because we were then alleged by the Secretary of the Treasury to be facing a great national deficit—and for other reasons then given.

Now the revenues are abundant under existing laws and the cost can be met by long-time bonds amortized like farm-loan bonds without preventing the reduction of taxes the people rightly desire.

But there is another important reason.

The passage of this act will serve as a substantial antidote for the terrible contraction of credit which the Government put on in 1920-'21-'22 by expanding credits to the extent required for the bonus. Within the period of the bonds issued the foreign debts due America should meet the payments required.

The compensation is fully justified and I am glad to be

free to support it without feeling that my sympathies are leading me to gratify a personal impulse to public expense. I am sure now the public will approve and that it will not retard an advancing national prosperity.

*By Thomas Sterling*

**I** OPPOSED the Adjusted Compensation Bill before Congress at the last Congress. The impelling reasons for my opposition were the great burden of national indebtedness then existing, the estimate of from four to six billions additional indebtedness on account of adjusted compensation, and a threatened deficit of six hundred and fifty millions of dollars, according to Secretary Mellon.

I have said that under similar conditions I would have to still oppose the bill for adjusted compensation. I grant, however, that conditions now are not quite similar. There is no threatened deficit. The national indebtedness has been reduced a little. Furthermore, I have not been opposed to the insurance or land settlement features of the bill.

As to the cash adjusted service pay, which will be required under the pending bill, I am not certain, but I am told that it will be much less than under the former bill, probably not exceeding \$16,000,000.

In the event that this be true, the Government will not be embarrassed and no great immediate national burden will be created, and my present judgment is that I shall be inclined to support the bill.



rely in its fight against the Adjusted Compensation Bill.

The leopard does not change its spots: deception exposed and then repudiated in one form conveniently assumes another form which, for the moment, seems less easily found out. How, for example, can the friends of adjusted compensation reach the masses of newspaper readers who have been so misled in this one instance of the Quinn speech and the Mellon rejoinder? If this were an isolated instance, or even an uncommon one, the matter might be passed over. But it is not. It is an example of a common and extensive practice. Fortunately, however, there are ways out of the dilemma—ways which the Legion is everywhere discovering.

In the past few weeks I have noted that several Legion department commanders have called the attention of their posts to the unfair attitude of a section of the press and have requested posts to make representations to local editors. This has been effective in many cases. Commander Collins of Pennsylvania is urging his posts to get radio equipment and fill the air with the Legion's side of the case when the newspapers decline to print it.

Another method is to call examples of unfairness to the attention of Senators and Congressmen. This goes to the seat of the problem. What is all this fuss about, anyway? It comes right down to acquainting members of Congress with the true state of affairs, because the Congressmen are the people who will have the final say on the Adjusted Compensation Bill. Letters to Congressmen, written mostly by Legionnaires and their friends, knocked the bottom out of Big Business's billion-dollar propaganda barrage. The same method can be employed most advantageously in dealing with the unfair opposition of the press.

Now, I do not mean to imply that merely because an editor is against the

Adjusted Compensation Bill he is necessarily unfair. One could name plenty of papers which oppose this bill, but oppose it fairly. Unfortunately, though, there are plenty more who oppose it unfairly—by the suppression and deliberate distortion of facts which if accurately presented would be to the advantage of the Legion's side of the argument. Congressmen read their home papers and read them with care. A great many Legionnaires about the country have furthered the compensation cause by giving their Congressmen an opinion as to whether in their judgment this or that newspaper presents its "bonus" news with justice to both sides.

**B**UT to return to other phases of the crumbling propaganda drive of the opposition. The disclosures which Thomas W. Miller, Alien Property Custodian, made of Secretary Mellon's figure juggling and estimate padding in connection with the cost of the Adjusted Compensation Bill continue to receive official attention. Mr. Miller threw a veritable bombshell into his administration associates by showing how the Secretary of the Treasury from time to time has increased the estimated sum of the payments to be made under this bill until he now claims they would total about three times what the Treasury experts said they would amount to two years ago. The matter has been referred to the Finance Committee of the Senate for investigation.

Senator Moses of New Hampshire, chairman of the special committee of the Senate appointed at the request of Senator Reed of Missouri to investigate anti-compensation propaganda, promises that hearings on this subject will begin as soon as the physical condition of Senator Greene of Vermont will permit. Mr. Greene is in a hospital suffering from a bullet wound re-

ceived when a prohibition agent fired wildly while pursuing a suspected bootlegger. Senator Reed, Senator Caraway of Arkansas, and other members of this committee have been collecting evidence for weeks, and the hearings, when commenced, promise further interesting disclosures of a stamp with which readers of these letters are familiar.

Meantime, in the face of these uncomfortable happenings, the anti-"bonus" and the pro-Mellon tax plan propaganda, which for weeks rained down on Congress like pitchforks and little fishes, has dropped to almost a whisper. Hurried and worried consultations are the order of the day among the Big Business lobbyists, who are little short of panic-stricken by the course of events. But so far, the only out-and-out repudiation of the methods which have brought down censure upon the heads of the opposition comes from the president of the Aeolian Company, whose letter was published in these columns last week. Julius Kahn, New York banker, also writes denying that he has contributed any money to any anti-"bonus" campaign or has "sent or authorized" any telegrams bearing on the same. This gives me an opportunity to correct with pleasure a statement made in one of my letters some time back that it had been reported that telegrams bearing the names of Mr. Kahn and others were in circulation urging a stiffening of the fight against the Legion's bill.

Mr. Kahn's statement is correct. The telegram referred to did not bear his name, but the names of Henry W. Taft, millionaire brother of the former President; Seymour Cromwell, president of the New York Stock Exchange, and other representatives of the financial interests. The text of the wire and the signatures were published in these columns two weeks ago. In his letter

(Continued on page 22)

## Stand By Your Pledge

**O**NCE you've decided to stand by a thing, you've pledged yourself to active support. You don't just sit around waiting for George to do it—not if you're the kind of stuff Legionnaires are made of. That was the way of it when you went to war; if you once took the oath of allegiance, you were in for the duration—just try and get out. Of course nobody wanted to get out; they all wanted to see the thing through.

The same thing is true of The American Legion. If you've once got into the Legion, you've pledged yourself to an enterprise. You've lined yourself up with the most potent factor in American life for the relief of the disabled, for the financial relief of the economically disabled, and for the promotion of the welfare of all others who fought in the World War. You are pledged for a fight.

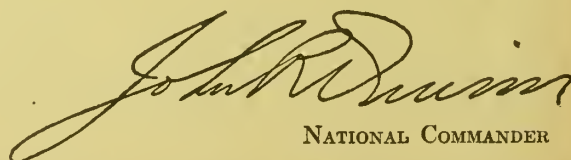
Once a year at National Headquarters the Legion closes its books and opens a new set. This occurs every New Year's Day. Most posts start their own new year on a new set of books. Post members know this; they also know they ought to be prompt in the payment of their dues. But not all of them are so prompt. Some hold off for months. The Legion was still collecting 1923 dues as late as November of last year.

Which sounds as if a lot of members had got the idea that their enlistments in the Legion expired January 1 and they had to sign up for another hitch, but kept putting it off. The idea is

wrong. You don't ship over from year to year in The American Legion. You signed up once and that was for the duration of the fight for rehabilitation, hospitalization, Americanization, adjusted compensation and the fifth plank of our platform—community improvement, which is another way of saying civilization.

Which makes the time for paying dues the time for paying a debt. You don't pay your dues just to become a member again. You pay because you're already a member and failure to pay is failure to pay a debt. It's something like paying rent. As long as you keep on living in a house, you're supposed to pay your landlord for the privilege. As long as you stay in the Legion, you pay your dues.

Which are you? A member in good standing, paid-up for 1924, or a delinquent member, waiting for somebody to come around and make you sign on the dotted line and renew the oath of allegiance?

  
NATIONAL COMMANDER





# Then and Now

By the Company Clerk



SEVERAL weeks ago—in the January 18th issue—we published a picture of a wrecked airplane and a letter from Comrade M. L. Hasell, who served with Field Hospital No. 125, 32d Division, reporting that the plane pictured fell in a field near Romagny, Haute Alsace, on June 25, 1918, the aviator escaping without injury. In commenting on the photograph and letter, W. R. Ballard, Jr., of Port Huron, Michigan, and of the same A. E. F. division, gives some interesting information about a plane bearing the same number—15—but as the plane he refers to fell near Château-Thierry about six weeks later the incident he reports must have been a different one. Here is his letter:

You recently reproduced a picture of airplane No. 15 of the 95th Aero Squadron [the squadron number was not reported by comrade Hasell.—COMPANY CLERK] which crashed during the war and the accompanying letter stated that the aviator got away after the crash. I wish the statement were true but I happen to know that the aviator will never claim the free photograph offered, as he lost his life in the crash.

Our company of the 128th Field Hospital, 32d Division, was operating at Azy Bonneil on the Marne River, a short distance south of Château-Thierry, from July 31 to August 4, 1918. One day several planes passed over and No. 15 dropped out, evidently because of engine trouble. The aviator tried to make a landing in a wheat field across the river from us, beyond which was a woods. To avoid hitting the trees, he tried to turn, but in turning, the plane side-slipped and crashed.

Two of our boys swam the river and reached the plane within a few minutes and others of us followed. The aviator's life belt had failed to hold and he had crashed against the engine. He was unconscious and died before he could be moved to the hospital. The following day he was buried in the little French cemetery at the end of the town. His name was Lieutenant I. R. Curry and his home in Texas. I also have pictures of the plane and am positive this account is correct, as I made notes at the time.

I also have a picture of plane No. 14 of the same squadron, judging from the fact that both planes had a picture of a kicking mule painted on the tail of the machines. This picture was purchased from a German ex-service photographer who had returned home when we were in the Army of Occupation. It was taken by him and shows the aviator still in the fallen plane. He claims that it was Quentin Roosevelt's plane, brought down back of the German lines. Can anyone tell me the name of the aviator who flew plane No. 14 of the "Kicking Mule" squadron when it was brought down? I have always doubted that it was Quentin Roosevelt.

The following comment about this picture and Hasell's letter was received from George E. Harrington, ex-first lieutenant, 128th Infantry, 32d Division, now living in Stanley, Wisconsin:

I am afraid that Comrade Hasell of Long Beach, California, will have a long look if he wants to find the aviator that came down with that particular plane, as he says, in Alsace. Some one evidently slipped him a picture of plane No. 15 and told him that it was a picture of the plane which fell in Alsace. He is right, however, regarding the dates and place, but it was plane No. 16 that came down on June 25, 1918, between Romagny and Mansbach. I have three pictures of this plane which I took that same day. In the meantime if you find the aviator who operated plane No. 16 on that date I will be glad to send him a copy of the picture.

What's the answer? Will the aviator who fell between Romagny and Mansbach on June 25, 1918, in either plane No. 15 or No. 16, or anyone who knows him, please make report to the Company Clerk? Has anyone the facts regarding plane No. 14, about which Comrade Ballard inquires? Quentin Roosevelt lost his life when his plane was brought down in the German lines near Chambry on July 14, 1918.



Ex-Boatswain's Mate S. W. Schultz of Columbus, Kansas, responds to the Company Clerk's request for service-days' photos by sending this snap of the U.S.S. Albert Watts, which he took in the harbor of Genoa, Italy, in November, 1917. He was in a gun crew on the U.S.S. Deepwater at the time and explains that the Albert Watts, an oil tanker, was torpedoed on Thanksgiving Day, 1917, about sixty miles out of Genoa and towed into port. When inside the harbor a small boat pulled alongside. The man in the boat lit a cigarette and threw the match overboard. The oil escaping from the tanker ignited and the Albert Watts went up in flames. Sounds like the story of the steeplejack who finally broke his neck falling off a stepladder. All hands and the cook went overboard without orders, says

Comrade Schultz

DID any Then-and-Nowers remember the parody on "The Darktown Strutters Ball," requested by Comrade Kane in these columns a few weeks ago? We'll say so! To date, Comrade Kane and the Company Clerk have the following Legionnaires to thank for sending in the "Shell Hole Rag" lyrics:

Donald MacKay, New York City; P. L. Strickland, Greensboro, North Carolina; V. W. Turner, Chicago; G. Kenneth Merrill, New York City; Maurice G. Alexander, Atlanta, Georgia; R. R. Forster, Tulsa, Oklahoma; Mark J. Dunn, Glens Falls, New York; Joseph Kiewlak, Mt. Carmel, Pennsylvania; William A. Prescott, Syracuse, New York; C. C. Covalt, Kansas, Illinois; Chester D. Fuller, Syracuse, New York; Walter Puckhaber, Brooklyn, New York; Chester E. English, Findlay, Ohio; Alfred L. Burgess, New York City; Henry C. Hull, White Plains, New York; Joseph A. Iannelli, Wilmington, Delaware; J. Paul Wynne, Binghamton, New York; C. Clyde Fechtig, Philadelphia; A. W. Barnettson, Olean, New York; Charles B. Terrell, Endicott, New York; George T. Ball, Draper, South Dakota; Harold J. McCourt, New York City; Ray S. Kinlock, Staten Island, New York; Comrade Gurnee, Washington, D. C.; Gerard R. Thursby, Remsenburg, New York; Sgt. H. A. Sprinkle, Ft. Screven, Georgia; Earl L. Land, Elmira, New York; Henry French, Cambridge City, Indiana; H. F. Schreiber, Niagara Falls, New York; Wesley C. Bailey, Southampton, New York; Anthony J. Dolinski, Rutherford, New Jersey; James W. Dunne, Flushing, New York; Leonard J. Johnson, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Clyde G. Bliss, Newark, New York; A. R. Zayle, Camas, Washington; H. A. Hubbard, Syracuse, New York; Arthur J. Spring, Worcester, Massachusetts; H. W. Kohlmeyer, (Continued on page 24)





Off with the crack of the gun in the 880-yard run in the eight-county athletic meet sponsored by Campbell Post of Platte, South Dakota. The post has made the meet an annual fixture

### High Schools in Eight Counties Guests at Post Meet

**C**AMPBELL POST of Platte, South Dakota, created an opportunity to serve a large section of its State unselfishly and without thought of financial reward and at the same time opened up a new field of Legion activity.

Platte is a town of 1,500 people in an important agricultural territory. Railroad facilities are limited, however, and the automobile is mainly used for transportation. Campbell Post didn't see any big opportunity for service in Platte, so the members cast their eyes about the horizon.

One member suggested that some way might be found to stimulate interest in high-school athletics, as the lack of transportation facilities prevented the school athletic meets enjoyed by high school youths in cities. The idea was adopted with enthusiasm. The superintendent and the principal of the Platte High School, both post members, readily co-operated. Invitations were sent to every high school in eight counties and when the first meet was conducted two years ago fourteen high schools were represented. Six of the teams entered had had some regular training program. The other eight had not, but following the meet they at once adopted regular athletic training methods. The winning school team at the Platte meet later won first place in the state interscholastic field day.

In the following year increased interest was shown by the entrance of track teams from five other high schools, while only one of the original teams failed to make any entries. Some remarkable athletes have been developed in the meets. This year indications are for a larger attendance and even more entries.

Campbell Post assumes every detail for the management of the meet. Last year 169 athletes were welcomed and housed in Platte. The Auxiliary supplied luncheon for the contestants and officials and a banquet in the evening. Gold, silver and bronze medals were awarded by the post to the individual winners. Silver trophy cups were given to the winning school team and for special events. The cups were donated by local university and college alumni, most of whom are Legionnaires. Some of the teams came as far as

ninety miles and it was necessary to entertain these visitors two days. The townspeople donated guest rooms free and breakfasts. The post also paid the expenses of the officials, referee, starter and head judges, who are professional college coaches.

### North Carolina Post Helps Greeks Become Americans

**K**IFFIN ROCKWELL POST of Asheville, North Carolina, realized long ago what many other men have come to know, that immigrants don't come to the United States in an antagonistic mood, but are eager to become a part of us if somebody will only point the way and give them a lift. The post came to understand that the way to do this is not to refer to them as "those foreigners" but as "our future citizens."

The members of the post saw that Asheville had its usual quota of Greek immigrants with their candy shops, restaurants and other businesses. And the Legionnaires also saw that these recent arrivals

were retiring and clannish—maybe because nobody else was interested in them. I was only natural that they were not interested in much beyond their own business horizon.

But they were willing to be. Member of the post went to them and explained the new idea, and there was born the American Hellenic Protective and Educational Association. It became the protégé of the post, with its slogan "America first last and always."

Each Hellene when he joined agreed to prepare himself for citizenship and immediately take out his first naturalization papers. He promised to study the English language, speak it, read it and write it—make it his language and his children's language.

This simple beginning had many results. For one thing, every Greek has become a member of the Asheville Chamber of Commerce. When the Community Chest campaign was held, these future Americans contributed one hundred percent. Armistice Day parade found the new association with the best float in line, both in beauty and in the message it carried. When the Community Christmas Tree was being hung, the Hellenes came forward and eagerly asked the privilege of contributing the candy to be given to children at the tree festivities. With Kiffin Rockwell Post they helped make 4,000 children happy in true American fashion. Three nights a week the members of the Hellenic society drop their work and attend one of the local schools where they pore over textbooks and learn our history, our language and our ideals.

### Patriotism Worthy Motive for Extending California's Bounty

**T**HE promotion of patriotism is a sufficient motive for extending the bounty of the State. This declaration was made recently by Justice Thomas J. Lennon of the Supreme Court of California in sustaining the appropriation of a county board of supervisors for the erection of a \$500,000 home for the Legion and other veterans' bodies. The case came to the courts from Los Angeles County, where officials had refused payment until constitutionality of the appropriation had been upheld by the higher court.



The spirit of Washington and the spirit of Ulysses were present at this dinner of the American Hellenic Protective and Educational Association, a society which Kiffin Rockwell Post of Asheville, North Carolina, helped organize. All the members of the society are of Greek birth or parentage



## All Ohio's Legion Posts Share in 83d Division War Fund

**A**BELATED pay-call is sounding for all of the Legion posts in Ohio. When the 83d Division, composed largely of Ohio men, was in training in 1917-18, in Camp Sherman, near Chillicothe, a fund totalling \$90,000 was raised throughout the State for the entertainment of the men. Shortly after this amount was reached the 83d Division was split up and the men transferred to other units.

Result: A vast amount of money with no particular use to put it to.

Early in 1922 an Ohio court decreed that The American Legion, as the one all-inclusive, representative veterans' organization, was entitled to the money and gave the Legion administrative power over the fund. At that time the fund, by careful investment, had been increased to \$115,000.

Since the court decision, another \$11,000 has been added to the amount by interest accumulation. The division of the \$126,000 among the posts of the State has now been started, the proportion to each post being based on the 1923 membership of the post. The approximate amount per member is \$3.50. The money will be used to build or furnish Legion clubhouses.

## Michigan Tells World What It Should Know About Legion

**I**N connection with a membership drive in February, the Department of Michigan has distributed 50,000 handbooks entitled "Facts You Ought to Know About The American Legion." The booklet contains sixteen pages devoted to the aims, ideals and accomplishments of the Legion. It tells of the Legion's national work for Americanization, hospitalization and adjusted compensation, and of the Department of Michigan's work, which includes the establishment and maintenance of The American Legion Hospital for Tuberculous Veterans at Battle Creek and of a home for orphans of service men. A limited number



**A HOME-TOWN M. P. ON THE JOB.**—This giant in uniform guides folk to the electrically-lighted skating rink which Logan (Utah) Post maintains for everybody in its community

of copies of the handbook are available for posts or Legionnaires outside Michigan. Address Theodore W. Kolbe, Department Adjutant, 214 Lincoln Building, Detroit.

## Pennsylvania Post's Home Outcome of Its Popularity

**W**HEN the residents of a town think enough of the Legion to go out and raise \$30,000 for a post clubhouse

fund, that post must be pretty popular. That's what the residents of Hanover, Pennsylvania, did for Harold H. Bair Post, and that accounts largely for the possession of a fine clubhouse which the post dedicated with fitting ceremonies last Armistice Day.

Bair Post is one of the oldest in Pennsylvania, having received its charter in July, 1919. It has a membership of 325, and it saw early in its career that its meeting rooms were inadequate. During the spring of 1922 the community of Hanover subscribed \$30,000 to be used for the purchase and equipment of a memorial home. From time to time this sum was augmented by proceeds from carnivals and bazaars. The Auxiliary added \$1,000 to the fund by their efforts alone.

When the dedication exercises of the new home were held last Armistice Day all the stores in Hanover were closed and the entire population turned out to do the post honor.

But the post is not stopping here. Its home is paid for; now it contemplates the addition of a gymnasium and auditorium to cost \$15,000. The addition will be used for community gatherings.

## Who Can Beat This Program of Community Welfare?

**P**ETERSBURG (WEST VIRGINIA) POST has set seven major projects to be finished by January 1, 1925. They are: Erection of a World War Memorial Armory Building.

Creation of new and proper interest in patriotic holidays.

Co-operation with the National Guard Band to promote musical entertainment in the community.

Establishment of a Legion Christmas Fund to aid the needy.

Promotion of concerts by international artists.

Creation of a Father's Auxiliary.



This is the home of Harold H. Bair Post of Hanover, Pennsylvania, bought and remodeled largely with money given the post by the citizens. The community subscribed \$30,000 which it turned over to the post



# Where France Is Really Sunny

(Continued from page 9)

lieutenant gone wild. His head-dress was a black, fuzzy affair with a gold lion on the front. He wore high black boots that were well polished, and a pair of blue trousers with a wide red stripe up the side. To complete the outfit he had on a fawn colored blouse with a Sam Browne belt. Behind him was a porter carrying his bag, and around the two was half the younger population of Nice. A Persian, a Serb, a Turk, what he was I do not know, but the excitement he caused that morning on the Avenue Massena showed the way Nice regards a uniform nowadays. Not only was he surrounded by a guard of the youth of the city, but waiters out wiping off the tables on the sidewalk, women in the kiosks selling newspapers, and shopgirls sweeping off the doorsteps all stopped their occupations and regarded the stranger with open mouths. He was a sensation, was this uniformed soldier. It was 1923.

We followed him up the street until we found ourselves in front of the Café Lafayette, favorite resort of the dough-boy on leave, and just for the sake of old days sat down for a drink. But even that drink was not the same. Perhaps it was the fact that not a single pair of spurs or a single M. P. passed before our gaze. At any rate, we moved off down the street until we came to the Avenue Victor Hugo, where once the army chiefs held sway in the Hotel du Louvre.

That gloomy palace has long since been restored, and is now doing duty again as a first-class hotel. In fact, a beribboned concierge looked so hard at me as I poked my nose inside the door that I left hurriedly, walked down the street, and turning the corner of the Rue du Congrès, saw the blue waters of the Mediterranean sparkling in the distance. If you were in Nice you probably remember the Y, and the K. of C. just around the corner from the water front on the Rue du Congrès. The hand of time has dealt with this as with all the other landmarks of the American occupation, and under a fresh coat of vivid blue paint it was hardly recognizable at first. Moreover, one end has been cut off and is now the office of the American Express Company, while at the other end, where once the counters were piled high with chocolate and cigarettes, stand a couple of shiny cars. It's now a motor sales-room—SALON D'AUTOS said the big blue sign outside.



Float dedicated to sports in the Nice carnival. Compare the bathing girl with the promenaders below

Four years ago the only automobiles to be seen were army trucks and cars and an occasional ambulance carrying wounded on their morning sun bath on the Promenade des Anglais, the boardwalk of Nice. Today autos of every nationality go up and down the wide sea-front avenue—British and Italian cars de luxe, hundreds of Dodges and Cadillacs repainted and still doing duty. Even the horses and carriages have changed. The old nags who were sold to Nice cabbies by the French army as being beyond further use have been replaced by steeds as well groomed as those of the best artillery outfit. The carriages have been overhauled and even a few new ones added to the fleet that lines up daily along the Promenade. Like everything else in France today, the price of a ride in these voitures bears no resemblance to the pre-war figure. Where a couple of francs would once take you all up and down the Promenade, nowadays they won't look at anything less than ten francs.

**N**OTHING in all Nice, nothing in all France for that matter is more changed by the years of peace than the Promenade des Anglais. In 1919 it was jammed with soldiers of all the Allied nations, with wounded and convalescents sitting on the benches in the morning sun. Today the same benches are filled with English and American tourists, and the picturesque boulevard seems strangely lacking in color and movement. To be sure, our old friends Yvonne and Yvette are still there, but even they look out of place when not leaning on an 'O. D. arm.

Sticking out into the sea in front of the gardens was an ugly shaped building called the Casino du Jetée, which was taken over during the war by the Y. This vast interior had its own theater, its own restaurant, reading and smoking rooms and all the usual facili-

ties of the average Y hut, at one time a hundred secretaries being on duty daily. It was with a feeling of curiosity that I entered the place after four years' absence and noted the polishing that had been done, the painting and cleaning and fixing up. It was afternoon. The big auditorium was dark for a performance of some sort, and a large audience was listening to two singers on the stage. I wandered off to the side, where four years ago there had been a reading and writing room. They were playing baccarat,

and a party in knee breeches and chains around his neck offered to let me in to lose my money for the modest sum of fifty francs. I declined and shifted off to the other side, where a thé dansant was in progress, with a few French, but mostly English and Americans, dancing. Just beyond they were playing boule, another gambling game where it is just as easy to lose money as at baccarat.

Boule and baccarat! Shades of the Y. M. C. A.! Things were sure different, and without the smell of tobacco smoke and hobnail shoes the place seemed stranger than ever, so I stepped outdoors almost with a feeling of relief. Wandering across the gardens, I reached the Place Massena, the great central square of the city, and right opposite was the famous Cercle Massena which during the war had been run by the Y as an officers' club.

How are the mighty fallen! Directly after the war the Galleries Lafayette, the big department store which stood on the corner of the Avenue de La Victoire, decided it needed more room. No one seemed very anxious about the old Cercle Massena, or what the officers of the A. E. F. had left of it, so the Galleries Lafayette brought it as an addition. And so where generals and colonels once danced with nurses and telephone girls wax figures now stand, draped with the very latest Paris modes.

Only the weather remains the same in Nice today. The sky is still blue, the days still warm and sunny, and the atmosphere still soft and delightful, especially when one gets letters from the States telling of coal at seventeen dollars a ton. That and the approach of Carnival make up for faces that have gone for good. For Nice is the home of Carnival.

Carnival not only originated here, but only in these Latin countries can



it be carried out to the fullest extent of its meaning. For three days the city is given over to the spirit of festivity. Huge stands are erected, vast decorations built up on the main streets, and people spend large sums for fancy costumes to wear during the days when King Carnival enters and reigns over the city. On an enormous throne drawn by ten or twelve horses he passes down the Avenue Malussena, followed by hundreds of floats representing everything from the French idea of a water wagon to statues of Suzanne Lenglen, and surrounded in every case by a few hundred Niçois and Niçoises dressed in all sorts of disguises. Everyone wears a mask, and confetti is usually the least harmless weapon used in the battle between those on the stands and those parading on the streets. At night fireworks and electrical illuminations of infinite variety are given; bands play, and the natives dance up and down over cobblestones and pavements until early morning. Until the dim light of dawn breaks you will hear them rushing up and down in groups outside your hotel window, shouting at the tops of their lungs. This is the thing, even more than the absence of the uniform, that proclaims the advent of peace to the Azure Coast.

In fact, it is hard to find more than an occasional trace of the great American occupation. The old motorman on the little yellow trolley which brought me into the city from the village of Cagnes one night had on an old O. D. overcoat with only one button holding it together. And in the drawer of the hotel bureau was a four-year-old copy of *L'Eclaireur*, the local newspaper. An item in English caught my eye as I put away my clothes. It read:

Jan. 16, 1919. The Medical Corps and the M. P.'s played a game of baseball at the Place d'Armes yesterday, the latter winning 7-5. Shoup of the M. P.'s doing a home run.

Those were about the only traces of 1919 one could really find. No, come to think, there was one other. The newsboy who sold me a New York *Herald* this morning had a small bronze button stuck in his cap. Between crossed rifles were the figures "F/16." I did not like to ask him how he had come by this token of what was once affection plighted. Sometimes it does not do to inquire too closely into these things.

## OUTFIT REUNIONS

**NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF TWENTY-FIFTH ENGINEERS.**—Reunion during Sixth National Convention of The American Legion, St. Paul, Minn., in September. Membership in Legion will make veterans of regiment eligible for reduced railroad rates. Frank E. Nelson, regimental historian, is working on proposed history of regiment and wants all former members to send snapshots and stories, official or otherwise, to him at 1096 22d Avenue, S. E., Minneapolis.

**104TH INF.**—Annual reunion at Holyoke, Mass., April 26. Address Ralph H. Armstrong, 598 Dwight st., Holyoke.

**Co. K, 308TH INF.**—Reunion dinner, Harvard Club, 27 West 44th st., New York City, Mar. 29. Address Leo C. Weiler, Room 1314, 175 Fifth av., New York City.

**Co. B, 163d INF., 41ST DIV.**—Former members interested in letter reunion address Charles S. Isbister, 510 Walnut st., York, Pa.

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.



# How about a bonus for durability?

## Read what a British Buddy says about Corona:

"This Corona has been in use seven years. When I say use, I mean under the most adverse conditions, such as moisture, heat, dust, sand-storms, sea-air laden with salt, altitude and cold as well as the damp delta plains. It was carried on the heads of men, on the backs of mules, camels, by automobile, oxcart, tonga, railway train. It has been around the world. It has been in canoe, row boat, sailboat, ferry and steamer. It has been under fire of the enemy. It has been shipped in steel uniform case, in trunks and kit-bag. At the end of this time, it still works. It has had a new cord for the carter and a new ribbon guide. I am expecting to return to India and shall carry a new Corona with me. My son needs a new typewriter for college and he will want only a Corona. They have stood the test.

(Signed)  
Capt. H. W. Knight, M. D.  
Late I. M. S."

Among the rest of the gang that did *not* get "time-and-a-half" for overtime, spent flirting with shrapnel and playing peek-a-boo with soft nosed bullets—was Corona.

In the front line trenches, Corona tapped out an obligato accompaniment to the rattle of machine guns—but it never heard the pounding of a riveter in the ship-yards.

Month after month, Corona made out the pay-rolls that brought you *beaucoup francs*—even if it was a stingy number of dollars. And when a shell whirled overhead, the company clerk took a flying dive into his abri, using Corona as a shock absorber.

That same, old, war-time Corona is durable enough today to lift a lusty voice in favor of adjusted compensation for the doughboy. Get out *your* Corona and write to your Senator, and Congressman.

All that Corona wants for itself, is a bonus of good-will for durability.



# CORONA

The Personal Writing Machine

132 Main St.

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If you don't own a Corona

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Ship me all the information about Corona and tell me where I can find a "Supply Sergeant" who will show me one.

Name .....

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They're mighty  
easy to like

# Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

## New Plan Is Expected to Bring 600,000 Members Into Legion

EVERY Legionnaire and Auxiliary member knows one or more service men who do not belong to the Legion, men who ought to belong. National Commander John R. Quinn has just approved a plan by which the Legion hopes to obtain 600,000 new members on the personal recommendations of present Legionnaires and Auxiliary members. He is asking every Legionnaire and Auxiliary member to suggest the name of at least one potential member, at the same time contributing twenty-five cents to cover the actual expense of supplying this potential member with all the facts about the Legion, including the reasons why he should join. The details of the plan are given on page 2 of this issue.

This effort to enlarge the Legion's membership is not to be considered as a campaign, but as a plan which will be followed throughout this year and probably later. Its principal merit is that it enables a Legionnaire to accomplish by the simple investment of a quarter and the writing of the name and address of a prospect upon a coupon all that could be expected had he used his time and energy in a purely personal solicitation.

"Shoot two bits—we will do the rest," is one of the slogans which the Organization Division of National Headquarters gives as best explaining the plan.

Each Legionnaire will be supplied with a dodger explaining the full details of the plan. These dodgers also will be distributed by the Auxiliary.

After a Legionnaire or Auxiliary member sends in twenty-five cents, with the name and address of a potential member, these steps follow: National Headquarters will immediately mail to the prospective member a large envelope containing full data on the Legion. Included in this envelope will be a guest card inviting the prospective member to attend the next meeting of the post in which he is being considered for membership. The large envelope bears upon its cover a smaller envelope, sealed and separately stamped as first-class postage, in which is a personal letter from National Commander Quinn inviting the prospective member to join the Legion. Shortly after this material has been mailed, the officials of the post for which the service man has been recommended will get in touch with the prospective member.

## T A P S

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

FRANK B. BRINKER, Robert G. Kotouch Post, Greensburg, Pennsylvania. Died January 21st at Marine Hospital, Pittsburgh, aged 30. Served as corporal, Company A, 320th Infantry, 80th Division.

HOWARD DISS, London (England) Post. Died February 13th at Letchworth, England. Served as private 1/cl., 44th Observation Squadron, Air Service.

DANA M. EASTON, Past Commander, Poplar (Montana) Post. Died February 17th, aged 40. Burial at Warren, Minnesota. Served with 127th Infantry, 32d Division.

BEN FRIBERG, James I. Poppe Post, Marble, Minnesota. Died January 26th at St. Mary's Hospital, Duluth. Burial at Mahtowa, Minnesota. Served with Battery C, 125th Field Artillery, 34th Division.

STUART HALEY, Reville Post, Brooklyn, New York. Died January 12th, aged 23. Served with 105th Field Artillery, 27th Division.



## Your School Heads

What do they know about your Post and the 10,000 other Posts of The American Legion?

Do they know that your Post can do an unlimited amount of good for the city? Do they recognize your Post as an asset to your city and call on you to help with the problems that confront your community? Do they know of the National American Legion Essay Contest and Education Week which The American Legion conducts? Do they know that the Legion is awarding prizes, the money to be used for scholarships in colleges indicated by the winners of the Essay Contest?

If your school heads were regular readers of The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly, they would be well informed about the Legion and its many activities. They would also know that a Legion Post is a community asset to every city. If they were subscribers for The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly, they would become some of your Post's best friends.

Show them this article and they will be glad to give you their subscription for a year at \$2.00 each (52 issues).

Make the heads of your schools friends of the Legion by making them readers of The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly.

**ALL OF YOUR LEADING CITIZENS SHOULD READ IT!**



# The Rite Way of Meeting

By Morton M. David

Adjutant, Department of Colorado, The American Legion

**Editor's Note:** The following article supplements several others published in recent issues of the Weekly in which post and department officials, responding to requests by the editors, told how the Legion's Manual of Ceremonies helps keep members and most post meetings worth attending. Mr. David's article gives a clear picture of the ceremonial in use and is decidedly valuable in its relation to the expressions by other Legionnaires already published.

**T**HE impression that a man receives when he makes his initial affiliations determines whether or not he will continue to be an active Legionnaire and participate in the building up of the post.

In the days before the rites of the Manual of Ceremonies were used—and this holds good today for the Legion posts that have not adopted the ritual—meetings for the most part were conducted along conventional lines, unrelieved by symbolism or any appeal to the imagination.

"Well, I guess the next meeting will be a duplication of the one before, and therefore I will be absent," members would reason.

But with the use of the Legion's Manual of Ceremonies we find the commander seating the membership with a rap of the gavel. The doors are closed and the adjutant ascertains that all present are members. Then the members stand while the colors are brought into the hall. One stanza of "America" is sung, followed by either a spoken or a silent prayer.

The members are then seated and the commander repeats the preamble of our Legion Constitution and declares the post regularly convened.

The regular business of the meeting is transacted and the commander closes the meeting with the following impressive injunction: "Till we meet again let us remember that our obligation to our country can only be fulfilled by the faithful performance of all duties of citizenship, and that nothing shall swerve us from the path of justice, freedom and democracy. I now declare the meeting of this post of The American Legion adjourned."

The ceremonies in opening and closing meeting supply that something which is lacking where only parliamentary procedure is followed. Even more important is the initiation ceremony.

Unless the initiation ritual is used the candidate never knows just what the organization stands for and never has the feeling of being a real member. But the candidate who joins a post that uses the ritual is conducted into the meeting room and placed reverently before the flag. The chaplain offers a prayer and the commander states that the four great principles of The American Legion—justice, freedom, democracy and loyalty—will be explained before he is asked to assume the obligation.

The candidate is conducted to the first vice-commander, who instructs him regarding justice and gives him a copy of our Constitution. He is then conducted to the second vice-commander,

where he is given instructions on freedom and receives an American flag as the emblem of freedom. The sergeant-at-arms then conducts him to the past commander, who addresses the candidate on democracy and presents him with an American Legion button.

Then the candidate is again presented to the commander, who explains to him the principles of loyalty, and the candidate is asked if he wishes to obligate himself. When he answers yes, the chaplain comes forward and the candidate repeats the preamble of our Legion Constitution, ending with: "To all of which I pledge myself for God and country."

The meeting is brought to its feet, the lights are turned out, with the exception of the one in the emblem—the National Emblem Division supplies a beautiful electric-lighted emblem—and for ten seconds silence prevails. After this silent period the chaplain interprets The American Legion emblem. Pointing to the glowing symbol he says:

"There shines the emblem of The American Legion. It is your badge of distinction and honor. It stands for God and country and the highest rights of man. It consists of several parts, and each part has a meaning. The rays of the sun, that form the background, stand for the principles of The American Legion, for loyalty, and for the light of justice, freedom and democracy, dispelling the darkness of violence, strife and evil.

"The two gold rings around the field of blue, bearing our name, and the two bronze rings around the wreath typify our major allies. The wreath itself is for remembrance. Upon it is set a star reflecting the glory of those who died that Liberty might live.

"The inscription demands that the wearer will ever guard the sanctity of home and country and free institutions."

The commander then addresses the membership on Americanism. The lights of the meeting place are again lighted and the commander and all post members welcome the new member informally.

A ritual is a ritual only when the officers memorize their parts. Nothing can sound emptier or detract from the solemnity of the occasion more than the reading of any part of the ritual. Many posts have degree teams to initiate the new members, to insure more than a mere perfunctory use of the ritual. If the ritual is to be used, use it in the proper way or else discard it, as otherwise the members will become disgusted.

In my visits to posts I have found that very few members salute in entering or leaving after convening or before the closing of the meeting. Many also have overlooked the rule never to pass between the flag and the station of the commander. These instructions can be found in the Manual of Ceremonies.

Let our byword be "use the ritual" and insist that the parts be memorized. The problem of attendance at meetings and teaching new members what The American Legion stands for will then be solved.



## "Another \$50 Raise!"

"Why, that's the third increase I've had in a year! It shows what special training will do for a man."

Every mail brings letters from some of the thousands of students of the International Correspondence Schools, telling of advancements won through spare-time study.

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## WOULD \$285.00 EXTRA MONEY HELP YOU?

That's what Wm. G. Jack, of Pa., office worker, made in spare time last year. Mrs. L. S. Underwood, of New York, writes: "Made \$28.50 first 12 hours." You, too, can make big money—spare or full time—demonstrating Ideal Fibre Cutters.

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# Watch your gums—bleeding a sign of trouble

MEDICAL science knows how serious is the sign of bleeding gums. For it knows that tender and bleeding gums are the forerunners of Pyorrhea, that dread disease which afflicts four out of five people over forty.

If the disease is unchecked, the gum-line recedes, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the Pyorrhea poisons generated at their base—poisons which seep into the system and wreck the health. They cause rheumatism, nervous disorders, anaemia, and many other ills.

To avoid Pyorrhea, visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and use Forhan's For the Gums. Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult your dentist immediately for special treatment.

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Kindly send me, entirely free, of charge, (1) A full description of the position checked below; (2) A list of U. S. Government Jobs obtainable; (3) Send full information describing preference.

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Dept. J186  
Rochester, N. Y.

## The Ideas and Photographs the Weekly Wants from Your Post

HAS your post appointed its correspondent to see that the Weekly gets ideas and photographs on what you are doing?

The Weekly wants to know the details of all post clubhouse projects in which an original or novel plan is followed either in financing or construction, or in which extraordinary success has attended efforts along usual lines. Photos (preferably exterior views) are wanted in all cases.

The Weekly especially wants accounts of activities in which posts have engaged to benefit their communities. When a post makes its clubhouse a social center for all the citizens of its town and permits its building to be used constantly by other organizations or public assemblies, the Weekly wants to know how the idea started and how it is working out. If your post takes over a county fair or other similar enterprise and achieves a conspicuous success, tell the Weekly about it. If it establishes night schools for aliens training for citizenship, tell the Weekly about it. If it builds a swimming pool or a skating rink, let the Weekly know. If it helps make the public schools better, lays out public parks, plants trees, or carries out a good roads program, send in the details to the editors of the Weekly—and remember to send photographs. There are hundreds of other community activities by posts which may be made the basis of articles.

Do not send in photographs of individuals or ordinary group photos. **SEND ALL LETTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHS TO THE EDITORS, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, 627 WEST 43D STREET, NEW YORK CITY.**

## Forecast: Fair and Warmer

(Continued from page 14)

Mr. Kahn adds that his personal attitude toward adjusted compensation "coincides with that of President Coolidge."

Mr. Kahn's disclaimer of a part in the matter isn't the only news I have concerning this round robin from Mr. Taft et al. Among the wealthy and influential persons to whom copies of the telegram were addressed is George F. Johnson, president of the Endicott-Johnson Company of Binghamton, New York, one of the largest shoe manufacturers in America. Mr. Johnson wired this answer to Mr. Taft:

Impossible answer favorably. Heartily in favor soldier bonus. Think ways should be found to reduce taxation and increase incomes without denying soldiers the bonus.

Then Mr. Johnson wrote a letter to the Legion posts in Johnson City, Endicott, and Binghamton from which I pick these passages:

I want to be on record with you Legion boys as to how I feel in regard to this soldier bonus. I published a letter in the [Binghamton] *Morning Sun* of several days ago, setting forth the suggestion that it seemed a pitiful thing that tax dodgers should be the argument to be used against the soldiers' bonus. . . .

This letter was printed in an obscure corner of the *Morning Sun*. Maybe it escaped your notice. But it is significant that the public is not now being notified through the press and politicians that there are millions of securities exempt from taxation, and money is being withdrawn from business enterprises and put into such securities, as rapidly as the rich can make the transfer. This, then, is the best argument they have against the bonus. . . .

If the Government was half as zealous, half as anxious, half as sincere, in its efforts to pay the bonus, as

it is to refuse to pay it, there wouldn't be any serious difficulty. . . . But they are not trying to see if they can find a way to pay it. They are doing their level best to see if they can find a way not to pay it. . . . Once more I am ashamed of the ingratitude of our nation to the soldiers.

The opposition's manufactured propaganda may be battered but it is still in the ring. Here is a letter from Donovan D. McCarty, county judge of Richland County, Illinois. It tells where another shoe company stands and the methods it employs:

A couple of days ago [writes Judge McCarty] the office manager, at the request of the manager of the local factory of the International Shoe Company, brought a letter for me to sign. He had several of them, all nicely typewritten on blank paper, and all addressed to our Congressman. The letter stated that the writer believed in tax reduction and that surtaxes should be reduced to permit big business to expand, and urged him to vote for the Mellon plan.

All I had to do was sign it. I amended the copy he gave me so that it read that I recommended the Mellon plan and the soldiers' bonus bill. I placed a postscript at the bottom that the Mellon plan without a soldiers' bonus was not desired.

Needless to say, when the local manager looked over the meager supply of letters that were signed and discovered mine, he cast it aside.

The company was even furnishing the postage. They got a few unwary citizens to sign.

I immediately wrote to my Congressman and our two Senators and asked them to vote for the soldiers' Adjusted Compensation Bill.

A suburban Philadelphia gas com-



pany has sent out stickers on its monthly bills to customers urging that they ask their legislators to vote against the Adjusted Compensation Bill. The Automobile Club of Philadelphia circularizes its members to oppose the "bonus" on the ground that its passage would prevent relief from the excise tax on automobiles and parts.

The machinery of the Government, which is supposed to be exercised for the rights of all—and particularly the machinery of the Treasury Department—has long been utilized to manufacture and to spread propaganda against the Adjusted Compensation Bill. But not until lately has it appeared that the machinery of the Republican party has been so used. I have a press release from the Republican Publicity Association of this city. Chairman Adams of the Republican National Committee is the head of this association, which is recognized as an accredited news purveyor of the national Republican organization. Note the propaganda-inflated figures:

Treasury experts figure that a soldiers' bonus would cost well over \$5,000,000,000, of which \$1,000,000,000 would have to be paid in the first four years. It is declared that the average cost for the first twenty years to meet the payments and sinking funds would be \$211,000,000. It ought to be clear that such a load added to the other financial burdens of the Government would preclude any appreciable tax cut for a generation to come. . . .

When he [Mr. Mellon] denounces the \$5,000,000,000 bonus raid, his recommendations are dictated by the same concern for the national welfare that has guided his handling of the debt problems.

So runs the record. As fast as one form of misleading propaganda is exposed and scotched another springs up in its place. But the compensation people back home hold the key to the situation now. They are telling Congress the truth about all this funny business, and Congress has its ears pinned back listening. This week another Senator, hitherto classed as an irreconcilable opponent to adjusted compensation, who has voted against the measure on every occasion, has pledged himself to support the Legion's bill. This is Senator Owen of Oklahoma. His statement appears on page 13 alongside that of Senator Sterling of South Dakota, another former foe of the bill.

In addition to these I beg leave to print the following self-explanatory telegram from Senator Shortridge of California, who was listed in the Weekly's table of February 1st as "not yet expressed but regarded as for":

By votes and voice in the Senate and in addresses on many public occasions in California and elsewhere I have made known my support of the Adjusted Compensation Bill. No one has right or reason to doubt or question my position now, which remains unchanged.

The fight for adjusted compensation has not been won, but it is being won. If there is no let-down in the effort the pro-compensation people throughout the country have put up for the last few weeks the fight will be won as soon as the issue can be brought to a vote in the Senate and the House. This should be in about six weeks.

M. J.



**"Over there!"  
—this time in "Civies"**

**THEY** were tense moments, as you said goodbye. And they were tense times till you turned your face homeward again. But how different everything is now!

The same France, the same people, but clothed with a freer spirit, await your *pleasure* visit. You will visit never-to-be-for-

gotten scenes. "And as our division advanced"—you'll tell her all about it, right on the actual scene of its enactment.

But make your trip on the French Line; refresh your memory of the customs, the courtesies, and all the delightful little services that are peculiarly French!

Beautiful descriptive booklets on request.

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**Bring in a Buddy With This Copy of the Weekly**

If this copy of the Weekly is used for membership work the name and address of the Legion Post so using it should be imprinted in the space below, together with Adjutant's name and address, so applications may be mailed correctly.

*This space for Post name and address*



**Application for Membership  
in  
The American Legion**



The undersigned hereby makes application for membership in the  
.....Post of The American Legion

Fill in above name of Post you wish to join.

Name of Applicant.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Give above the organization last served in.

Applicant's Signature





At the wheel  
Beeman's  
keeps you  
mentally  
calm and  
"balanced"—  
its use is

"a sensible  
habit"



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## Cut Price Sale

of Doughboys!

WE are discontinuing Doughboy Art Lamps and Statuettes, and devoting all our efforts to the building of the life size bronze "Spirit of the American Doughboy" Statue for memorials.

Prices Cut to below cost to move our present stock.

Send for beautiful catalog and special closing out prices.

Write for details of life size statue if your post is planning a memorial.

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### AGENTS

Sharpens dullest knives, scissors, sickles, etc., quickly. Fine for removing insulation from electric wires. A Demonstration sells it. Sent postpaid for 50c. Price to agents \$2 a Dozen.

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Make \$25 a day selling the **PREMIER KNIFE & SCISSORS SHARPENER**  
**200% Profit**

Every home, hotel, shop, restaurant, meat-shop buys on minute's demonstration.  
**Premier Mfg. Co., 3689 Willis Ave., East, Detroit, Mich.**

Price of sample refunded upon receipt of first order.

## Then and Now

(Continued from page 15)

Coatesville, Pennsylvania; P. B. Ingersoll, Eveleth, Minnesota; Richard W. Abbott, Brooklyn, New York; John Scott, Jr., Whitinsville, Massachusetts; D. M. Copley, Norwich, New York; John H. Uhles, Roff, Oklahoma; Allan G. Carson, Salem, Oregon; William Brown, Shawnee, Oklahoma; Raymond E. Amy, Newberg, Oregon; Wilmer Thurnberg, Republic, Michigan. From the number of letters received from New York State men, we're inclined to believe the claim of some of the contributors that this parody originated in the 27th Division. The parody was well known, at least, among men of that division. Some of these buddies came across with the chorus only, some of the versions had a slight outfit twist put on them, but the one that seemed to be generally popular follows:

*I've got my wind up, honey,  
A-layin' 'way out here in No Man's  
Land,*

*Where the shells are falling fast,  
And I think I'm smellin' gas.  
Each shell that's a-comin' over  
Seems to bear my name in letters large  
and clear,  
And if from me you do not hear  
Now don't think it very queer.*

Chorus:

*For machine gun bullets whizzing  
round me,  
The old tin hat's a-feelin' mighty small,  
Inside it I'd like to crawl and hug the  
ground just like a porous plaster;  
My feet feel heavy and my knees feel  
weak,  
I bite my tongue every time I speak,  
When the shells are fallin' near,  
I'm afraid I'm stoppin' here,  
In No Man's Land, where they play  
that shell-hole rag.  
(Do you hear it?) Whizz—Bang!*

**M**ORE requests for information regarding soldiers who were killed in action or reported missing in action have been received. Can anyone help in the following cases by making report to the Company Clerk?

The mother of Seth Crawford, reported killed in action while serving with Company E, 47th Infantry, Fourth Division, on the Vesle River, between August 3 and 13, 1918, wants information about his death and burial.

Details of the death and burial of First Lieutenant William H. Jones, Company C, 113th Infantry, 29th Division, either killed in action or fatally wounded near Etraye Ridge, Meuse-Argonne offensive, October 23, 1918. It is supposed that he was evacuated from the field by stretcher bearers of the 26th Division, which was on the flank of the 29th.

Facts regarding the fate of Corporal Fred Harmeyer, Company H, 26th Infantry, First Division, reported missing in action between July 19 and 21, 1918. (This regiment was in action in the vicinity of Missy-aux-Bois in the Soissons offensive at this time. Comrade Harmeyer's name appears in the honor roll of the History of the First Division as "prisoner died.")

Legionnaire Harry M. Green wants to know about the death and burial of his brother, Private Charles N. Green,

55th Company, Fifth Regiment, U. S. M. C., killed at Belleau Wood, June 12, 1918.

The sister of Robert James Ritter, Bugler, 314th Field Artillery, 80th Division, reported dead, advises that on January 10, 1919, his captain knew nothing of this man having died.

Relatives of Robert Santee, Company D, 16th Infantry, First Division, reported missing in action, would like to have details from his former comrades. (Private Santee is reported in the honor roll of the History of the First Division as "killed in action.")

Miss Anna Gardella, sister of Private John J. Gardella, Battery F, 321st Field Artillery, who was wounded in the Argonne and died in Hospital No. 114, would like to hear from his former comrades or those who attended him in the hospital.

Legionnaire W. P. Randal wants details of the death of his brother-in-law, Private Otto Jungkind, who was last heard from when he was with Company M, 52nd Infantry, Sixth Division, at Camp Forrest, Georgia. A letter addressed to him was forwarded overseas and returned with a notation "Died of disease 11/2/18, verified by 309, Stat. Sect.," also a pencilled notation "C. P. O. Tours," and a partially legible stamp "... verified by Statistical Division, H. A. E. F."

Father Terrence King, former chaplain, 18th Infantry, First Division, wants details of the death of Private Louis Stanley Martin, Company G of the same regiment, reported killed in action July 20, 1918, and buried at Pierrefonds in the Soissons area. Father King questions the accuracy of this report as follows: "Pierrefonds was the site of a chateau used as hospital for French, Americans and Scots and was well behind the fighting zone of July 18 to 23, 1918. If Stanley Martin was killed in Action July 20, 1918, he would have been buried around Berzy-le-Sec, which was the objective of the 18th Infantry on July 20, 1918."

Comrade Peter Gylland, William Robideau Post, International Falls, Minnesota, made the following report regarding the death of Evan Daniel Thomas, whose mother requested the information in these columns:

Evan Daniel Thomas, Machine Gun Battalion, 81st Company, U. S. Marine Corps, was a comrade of mine and I was in charge of his squad and was within twenty-five feet of him when he was hit. We were on the heights beyond Thiaucourt during the St. Mihiel drive, in small funk-holes. Late September 13th or early September 14th a shell hit near his dugout and drove him out. A second shell hit immediately afterward, killing Thomas and another man named Stiener, and wounding two others. It was very dark and we did not know what damage had been done until morning, when I went back and found Thomas's and Stiener's bodies. Thomas had been hit by a large fragment of shell and killed instantly. We went ahead in battle that morning and I was told later that he was buried by men of our Supply Company. I was well acquainted with Thomas, was with him every day, and there can be no mistake regarding his identity. I have only hearsay evidence, however, regarding his burial.



## BURSTS and DUDS

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address 627 West 43d St., New York City.

### Fashion

IN the spring a young man's fancy  
Turns to woman and her clothes;  
Pairs of gaily colored slippers  
Match the hand-embroidered hose.  
Flimsy silks and flossy laces  
Take the place of heavy wraps;  
Gorgeous beads and gaudy trinkets  
Are imported by the Japs.  
They are decked in rare creations  
Trimmed in flowers and costly fur.  
(In the spring a young nan's fancy,  
But the girls are fancier.)

—William W. Pratt.

### Incredible

Unrestrained joy gleamed in the eyes of Wainwright as he emerged from the motion-picture palace. Ever since the movie had become popular he had been a regular attendant. No production had escaped him. He had even gone to the comedies. Now a smile of triumph played on his lips and he rubbed his hands together exultantly. "I can scarcely believe it," he chuckled gleefully, "yet there is no question about it this time. After all these nights of watching and waiting and sitting through millions of feet of film."

Wainwright had at last found a picture with a title that had some connection with the plot.

### Once a Gentleman—

Whazzle: "Well, did you work out that plot all right?"

Wackum: "Yes. The hero's washed ashore with four cases of food but no fork, so he starves to death."

### Kind-Hearted Girl

"And why did old Steppout will that horus girl half his fortune?"

"She once saved his life."

"Indeed! How?"

"She ignored him one time when he was accompanied by his wife."

### But Not Hard Boiled

Buck had wandered far from his usual haunts near the Army cantonment and had entered a strange restaurant without noticing the warning sign: "For Officers only." The waitress sought to enlighten him.

"Officers only," she said somewhat harshly.

"Well," returned Buck, "if that's all you got bring me one well done."

### Niggardly

"Jones is a saving sort of fellow."

"He certainly is. I've treated him several times to the best part of a half-pint, and all he treats me with is respect."

### The Fight

Kindly Old Party: "But aren't you afraid that big boy will hurt that little boy?"

Urchin: "Nacherly. That's why I bet on him."

### Valuable

An opulent-looking man drove up to the curb in a car that was not so opulent-looking. Immediately he was accosted by a small boy.

"Watch yer car fer a nickel, mister."

"Beat it, kid. This car of mine won't go away."

"Nah, but I kin call yer when it starts to fall apart."



## Holeproof Hosiery

Here's the rare combination you get in Holeproof Hosiery; that trim, handsome, appearance a gentleman desires—plus durability to withstand much wear and launderings. Buy one pair and you will see why it is the most economical, the best looking hosiery you can wear.

Many styles and colors. Most dealers have it. If yours does not, write for price-list.

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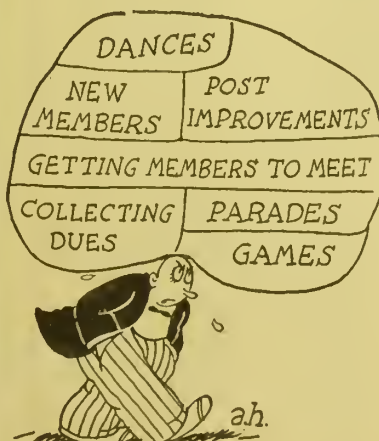
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400-360 E. Grand Ave. Chicago, Ill.

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This Buddy Has Not Heard of Post Printing's Famous Series

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## With Privilege of Stopover

(Continued from page 7)

nounced by highly competent authority. What was more, she was said, by equally good authorities, to be one of the few girls in America who really knew how to dress. She wore, at this moment, a suit of which even its august French maker had been proud; furs practically priceless, and remarkably becoming. Not very tall, she achieved dignity by her carriage and her bearing. Her color was high, but not too high; something like anger had, for the moment, augmented any measures she herself might have taken about that.

But upon Bill these things made, just then, no great impression. Her suit might just as well have come from the basement of a department store in State Street, her fur have been the dyed pelt of rabbit or even cat; her complexion and its color concerned him not at all. He did, vaguely, become conscious of the chill in the air, and that, naturally, served to heighten his confusion and make him more blundering and inept than ever in saying what he had to say. He pulled out his telegram.

"It's about this—" he said. "This—this—cipher telegram. You see—I can read those things—had a session of it in France. And I got the message they meant for this other bird. Seems there's some scheme to do your father in—"

Miss Winston shrugged one shoulder. It is a pretty and an effective gesture when well done, but difficult.

"I mean to say—I got this telegram—"

"This is the explanation of your note?"

Ice encrusted those words. Oddly enough, they served to make Bill feel warm, rather than cold.

"Yes—but—I say—Miss Winston—"

"If your impertinence has no bounds, Mr. Patterson—that is your name?—my patience has! You stared me out of countenance on the train—my father's presence, I presume, was some protection to me then. Now you seek to scrape acquaintance with me under this flimsy pretext—!"

Appalled, Bill could only stare at her and, for a moment, make gurgling sounds of a singular degree of meaninglessness in his throat. Words came, finally—and what words!

"But—I say—Miss Winston—you've got me all wrong! I—why—I know I sat opposite you on the train—but I couldn't help that! And in the dining car—the steward—"

"I suppose you tipped him to put you at our table!"

"I—!" Bill gasped. "I assure you—why—I didn't even like you, particularly! I mean—I thought you were all right, you know, and probably an awfully nice girl—but—I mean—I didn't want to know you—"

"There will be no difficulty about that, at least," said Miss Winston, furiously. "And you may be sure I'll know just what to do if you try anything like this again!"

Rage was mastering certain acquired elegances of diction in Miss Winston. She turned her back on him and went toward the door. He followed her.

"Miss Winston—!" he said. "Please—wait a minute—you've got to let me explain—"

She turned once more to face him. And now she was fairly white with anger, save for certain intimations of color not wholly, perhaps, within her control.

"If you say one more word to me I shall send for the manager and the house detective!" she said. And then she went.

Bill gave ground for a step, utterly taken aback.

"I ask you!" he said. "Can you beat it? I'll tell the cock-eyed world you can't!"

### III

SO that was how Bill Patterson came to change his tickets, in Chicago, and proceed in the direction of Los Angeles by way of Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, and intermediate northern points. He was, not unnaturally, quite as angry with Miss Barbara Winston as she was with him, and with, it would seem, much better reason. He might very well have washed his hands of the whole business. But it was not Billy's way to do that. He had, it seemed to him, certain responsibilities in this matter.

Even though Governor Winston's daughter had turned out to be a termagant, a shrew, a common scold, such an one as in the good old days would have been ducked in the horse pond, it did not absolutely follow that her father was a darned fool, too. And, even if he were, a number of people in his own State and outside of it seemed to regard him as a useful citizen. His life probably was, Bill was disposed to think, of some public value. And the telegram, if it meant anything at all, seemed to mean that his life was in danger. Also, and entirely aside from

## Beware the Doozerdoo!



LAST week we sounded the general alarm against the Doozerdoo, the day and night flying giant cuckoo which attacks Legion members who have forgotten to pay up for 1924. We said, "Shoot him on sight." Back came the reminiscent echo, "Shoot the whole works." We put that on the loud speaker as pleasant music for post adjutants and finance officers who are in the thick of the Battle of the Dotted Line.

But remember, the Doozerdoo is after you, if you don't hold a 1924 blue membership card. Fire promises at him and they only ruffle his feathers. Shoot good intentions at him and he keeps coming straight at you, with his beak and claws bayoneting your memory and conscience.

The only thing that will slay the Doozerdoo that is after you is a direct hit with your pocketbook. Iron men, frogskins, a check—that's the ammunition. Pay your dues and knock the Doozerdoo blooey.



anything else, and any other consideration, this show promised to be amusing and even, perhaps, exciting, and Bill's life had, of late, been dull, and had every promise, in the near future, of being considerably duller.

If he couldn't warn these deluded goats of what was in store for them, accordingly, Bill felt he had better stand, or rather, ride, by. Besides, he wanted to annoy Miss Winston, and probably few things would be calculated to annoy her more than waking up in the neighborhood of Minneapolis next morning and finding him on the same train.

He saw nothing of them during the rest of his stay in Chicago. He did arrange his party; he thoughtfully wired to Jim (much too late for an answer to reach him) that circumstances over which he had no control—Miss Winston, he reflected, could certainly be so described, and he would like a box seat for the spectacle furnished by anyone who tried to control her!—had delayed him, and he was to be expected in Los Angeles when he arrived, and not sooner. The party was excellent; he managed, nevertheless, to transact some business the next day. And he made a point of being at the Northwestern station rather early on Friday evening, with some idea of looking over his prospective fellow travelers.

Of course, that wasn't a very promising proceeding. The people who were to attend to Winston's case might get on at Minneapolis, or, for that matter, almost anywhere in North Dakota, which is a large State, or Montana, which is an even larger one. The Saturday night item in the telegram gave him all he had in the way of a clue. The time-table indicated that the train should, on Saturday night, be going west from Butte; it ought to arrive in Seattle some time on Sunday. But it probably wouldn't; not with great quantities of snow en route and a temperature that, from Minneapolis west, was averaging about twenty below zero. A good deal depended upon whether the calculations of the sender of the telegram had been temporal or geographical; whether, that is, he wanted to dispose of the governor at a particular place or a particular time.

Bill devoted some little time, on Friday, to inquiring into the career of Governor Winston. It might help to know why anyone should be especially interested in getting rid of him. But his inquiries, while they told him a good deal about Winston, didn't shed much light on that point.

It seemed to Bill that Winston had come up very much as a good many other men had done. He was a great land owner in his own State; having made a lot of money in ranching and fruit growing, he had spread out his interests and made more money in oil and other investments. Politically, he had been drafted by his party in a year when its chances had looked pretty slim, and had, by dint of a vigorous and attractive personality and a hitherto unsuspected knack of rough and ready oratory, carried the election.

As governor he had, emphatically, made good. Bill couldn't see that he had done anything sensational, but then he wasn't well acquainted with the politics of that State. Winston had enforced prohibition ruthlessly; Bill was, on the whole, disposed to like him for that. Bill wasn't a fanatic in favor of prohibition, but he had been pretty

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much disgusted by the laxity of its enforcement where he had lived, and he had inherited a definite respect for the law. The fact that he didn't like a law didn't seem to him to be a sufficient reason for breaking it. There had been times when the law covering the crime of murder had seemed to him ridiculously stringent, but he had, so far, resisted the temptation to break it.

Winston seemed to have become embroiled, too, in disputes with some of the railways that crossed his State, and to have forced its legislature to pass pretty stiff regulatory laws. Here Bill could see definite merit in the man. His own interests, it seemed to Bill, lay largely with those of the men he had fought, and his devotion to the public had, apparently, been praiseworthy and, to some extent, self-sacrificing.

Altogether Bill's estimate of Winston was pretty high. He shaped up, on the record, like a two-fisted fighting man who would give and take hard blows upon occasion. He seemed likely to go to the Senate; in fact, there was no opposition worthy of the name in his own party, and the other party seemed quite incapable of finding a man who could give him even a close fight. Once in the Senate he would have his chance, certainly; he was almost a national figure already, and might become a full-grown one overnight with a little luck. A rich man, he wouldn't line up with the reactionary group; nor would he, certainly, be one of the wilder radicals. It seemed to Bill that Winston might well represent the happy medium for which a weary country sighed. And his daughter probably got on his nerves, too, sometimes. Bill was not disposed to hold his paternity against him.

Upon these and other matters Bill reflected as he wandered about the Northwestern station. It was bitterly cold; no genius has yet succeeded in making a train shed cool in summer or warm in winter, and it probably can't be done. It wasn't the sort of night when people find it thrilling to be setting out upon a journey; the oddly adventurous air that stations, as a rule, do have was lacking.

Not a soul passed through the gates who aroused any emotion in Bill save either pity or dislike. These were unwilling travelers he saw, in the main; people who had to make a trip, and loathed the thought, and wanted to be done with it. Tired, bored looking men, obviously commercial travelers, who were faring into a region of hotels that had to call themselves palaces to atone for certain major deficiencies in the way of comfort, baths and food; women with babies filled with the will and the ability to cry all night, at least one of whom, Bill knew from experience, would have a berth closely adjacent to his; sad-looking immigrants herded by guides; a couple of prisoners with their guards. Bill shivered, and not altogether from the cold; this was a depressing company with which to have to travel two-thirds of the way across the continent. And not a hearty, healthy scoundrel in the lot!

Then, suddenly, excursions and alarms without. He knew, somehow, long before he saw them, that the Winstons were coming, and hid, advisedly, behind the newsstand. He had bribed the head porter at the hotel, who had arranged for him the tedious business of exchanging his tickets; he wasn't in the same car this time. That had seemed, on the whole, a precaution he ought to

take. Miss Winston was bound to discover his presence on the train without undue delay, but the longer that delay could be the better, Bill felt.

There was a certain magnificence about the advent of the Winstons. It reminded Bill of processions he had seen after the Armistice, and kings, and field marshals, and other potentates.

All the red-capped, black-faced porters about the station had, apparently, been mobilized. And they were needed because Bill had never seen so many bags and things of the sort. This girl must have clothes enough to last her the rest of her life, Bill thought. The papers had informed him that she had been abroad; in Paris, specifically, and it seemed to Bill that her purchases must have affected the rate of exchange favorably for the franc.

He watched the parade go by, stealing glances at his watch when the entourage was halted to allow cross traffic to proceed. He wasn't going to miss this train after all the trouble he had taken to qualify as a passenger upon it just to insure a better night's sleep for Miss Winston. But he didn't have to show himself, either; he got through the gates, after the red caps had come back, with three minutes to spare, tumbled into his berth, and was very soon so sound asleep that he didn't even wake up in Milwaukee.

And at Minneapolis, in the morning, he went brazenly and defiantly for a walk while the train was being rearranged for the actual transcontinental trip and met Miss Winston, face to face. He had to admit that she looked extremely well. She wore a short fur coat of a brownish, woolly fur—it was some sort of priceless Asiatic lamb, but he didn't know that, of course—and a hat that matched it, and her cheeks were flushed from the cold.

He raised his cap; no reason, he felt, why he shouldn't be polite, no matter how she acted. And she, somewhat disconcerted, committed her first tactical error in her dealings with him. She set out to look through him, and then changed her mind when her look hadn't gone more than half way and spoke.

"You—you are despicable!" she said. "Why did you change from the Santa Fe?"

Now this honestly bewildered Bill, and he asked, without ulterior motives of any sort, the obvious question.

"How did you know I did?" he said.

She couldn't answer that, because there simply wasn't any answer. She could only stare, and grow redder and redder, and prettier and prettier. And finally she stamped her foot, and went on, and Bill went on, too, in the other direction, considerably puzzled.

"Good night!" he said. "I'm getting so I don't like that girl a lot better all the time!"

The day passed as pleasantly as a day spent by a trainful of utterly uncongenial people who are traversing the great central wheat belt very well can. North Dakota is a great State, but it grows monotonous from a car window. Bill read until he grew tired of type and played solitaire until he grew even more tired of that so-called diversion. At intervals he walked up and down beside the train in a station, with either one or two grain elevators to engage his eye.

The anticipated delays developed. There had, at one point, been a freight wreck; that accounted for three hours.



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In the morning it was, for a while, comparatively warm, and the climate seized its chance and added a foot or two of snow to the already abundant supply. Then the thermometer dropped swiftly, and the sky changed from a slaty gray to a cold sand-brittle blue, and something happened to the heat, and everyone had to wear fur coats for the hour it took to find and mend the trouble and the other hours it took for the reluctant steam, when it began to sizzle again, to make some impression on the icy atmosphere. It was a very nice day indeed, and Bill didn't for a moment regret the warm trip across the desert on the Santa Fe. Not at all.

Bill once more considered that telegram and the time-table. You had to understand logarithms, by that time, to establish any understandable relation between the train's position and the place where it should have been, and sometimes the engine driver grew impetuous and ambitious and made up a little time, and sometimes he got into an argument with the fireman and lost a little more. But, so far as Bill could judge, they were, even before they came to the really stiff grades that led up to the Continental Divide, well along in the afternoon, beginning to be in the region which, according to the time-table they ought to have been traversing that night. So something might be expected to happen almost any time. On the other hand any intelligent band of plotters would have allowed for the train's being late. What the sum worked out to was that he couldn't do anything but wait and see what, if anything, happened.

The train had fairly filled up with suspicious characters by that time, of course, but Bill's common sense told him that his imagination had something to do with that, and that a really suspicious person probably would manage to look innocent.

Bill saw a good deal of the Winstons, first and last, that day. The Governor, it seemed to him, sometimes regarded him with a certain light in his eye not wholly unhumorous, but Miss Winston's dislike of him plainly grew more intense as time passed. But he didn't care. He was supported by the consciousness that he was doing his duty.

As it grew dark and a watery moon lighted up the scenery Nature began so to arrange matters that good lighting was welcome. The train was climbing the eastern slope of the mountains now, and if Bill had been in the mood to appreciate scenery he would have enjoyed himself. But he wasn't. He wandered rather like a lost soul, studying the people in the three Pullmans—especially in the last car, which had the observation platform—not much in demand, of course, in that weather—and the lounge section.

He felt that whatever was going to be done would probably be done by passengers in one of the Pullmans; it wasn't likely that anyone would come back from one of the cars beyond the diner. And he couldn't, with the best will in the world, get excited about any particular group. And when he did from time to time mark some man down for further consideration he usually got off at the next station and disappeared in the snow, for much of the traffic on the Northern Pacific in winter is between stations not more than a hundred miles or so apart.

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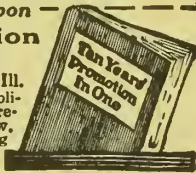
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Solicits as a member of the old established firm of E. E. STEVENS & CO., the business of his fellow Legionnaires and of their friends. We offer a strictly professional service at moderate fees. Preliminary advice without charge. Send sketch or model for examination. Offices: Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.; 338 Monmouth Block, Chicago, Ill.; Leader Bldg., Cleveland.

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The train crept along, by trestle and cut, and crossed the Divide; crept downward then instead of up. Bill could see the magic lights of Butte now, that were like the panorama of Paris at dusk as you see it from Montmartre, that other famous butte, and he wondered again at the incredible contrast between that matchless beauty of distant view and the equally matchless squalor and ugliness of the city of Butte, once you were within it. Trees will, one supposes, grow in Butte again some day, now that the smelters have moved to Anaconda, but now—Lord save it!

Pretty nearly everyone else had gone to bed by this time, except those who were getting off at Butte, but Bill stayed up. So, he observed, did Governor Winston, and that gave him a queer puzzled feeling. Why should he be up? Had he, after all, received some other warning? Miss Winston had turned in. But the Governor sat and read in the lounge and smoked long cigars of a distinctly superior aroma and read. Bill was in a dozen minds about speaking to him.

He didn't, in the end, for a number of reasons. What did he have to tell him, really? And—there could be little or no doubt that Miss Barbara had reported very fully her contact with Bill and her opinion of him, and Bill had a feeling that he was persona non grata in that family all around.

Butte. Bill got out and walked up and down the platform while baggage was being taken off and a new engine attached. The Governor took a walk, too; no one else who meant to go on with the train got off, however, so far as Bill could see. And, in due time, the engine tooted, and Bill got aboard again, and yawned, for he was growing very sleepy, and was beginning to be of the opinion that he had come upon a fine specimen of mare's-nest.

He walked back through the train as it started, slowly. The Governor's section was still unoccupied, and Bill expected to find him in the lounge. He didn't, and began to feel nervous. He walked back through the Pullmans once more, glancing into the smoking rooms as he went; then, still finding no trace of Winston, went back to the lounge. Then through the frosty glass door that gave on the observation compartment, he saw a tall, fur-coated figure. And, at that moment, two men appeared behind it.

They threw themselves on Winston as Bill tore at the door to open it. The train was moving very slowly at that moment; even so, Bill gasped in appalled amazement as he saw Winston's assailant's pick him up and fling him over the rail to one side.

"Hey!" he shouted.

And thirty seconds later he knew exactly how it felt to be thrown from a moving train into soft snow. For the two men turned, and, with commendable presence of mind and swiftness of decision, threw him after Winston.

(To be continued)

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CABLE GRIP Adjustable Cover Remover and Sealer is taking the country by storm. One man sold 120 in 10-12 hours. Also made 21 sales in 21 calls. Make \$10 to \$20 Daily. 200% Profit. Sells to every home. Opens EASILY any size bottle or jar; seals fruit jars perfectly, saving contents. Sample 25c. SEND \$2 FOR SAMPLE DOZEN.

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In '17, '18 or '19 your organization was photographed. It's the only photograph of the "bunch" as you and they were then. It can never be taken again. Get a copy now, while you can, for your children and their children's children. If your outfit was photographed we can supply it. Give full name—camp and date. Price \$3.00.

COLE & CO., Asbury Park, N. J.





## THE WORLD DO TRAVEL—ASK BUDDY!

Buddy's bunch were done with travel when, in 1919, they nobly abdicated their title to private's pay and dog tags at the demobbing station.

They never wanted to leave home again. Thenceforth the word "roam" meant a large county seat on the river Tiber.

They couldn't look a box car in the side door without blushing. They criticized movies because the scenery wouldn't stay hitched.

They wanted to rusticate in one spot as long as King Tut. Then, if they liked the place, they'd sign up for a long lease.

They wanted to dash around like a cabbage with its head off. As sedentary experts, they aspired to make a lighthouse janitor look like a lightning conductor.

Once in an easy-chair at home, they looked at their tired puppies and said "Leave 'em lay!"

But most of Buddy's young hopes have got over that state of leaden-hoofed static.

Thousands of Legionnaires have the pep and the ardor to go some. They want to travel, to "tower" and scour this broad, wonderful land of ours.

They have rambledust. They have scenicitis. And they take their reading in railroad time-tables, motorist's road maps, deck-loungers' water routes and accordion-tailed tourist folders.

Wherever they happen to be, they'd flee elsewhere to strange scenes, novel climes, unique costumes, new faces and trick dialects.

The woods are calling, likewise the alluvial valleys, shimmering lakes and undulating plains. The seashore lures with foaming white caps and—O, those bathing caps! And for doughty souls there are mountains and fighting tarpon to scale.

To a few the word "home" means an auto-camp cot, or a perch on the mezzanine snore of a sleeping car. But the majority just want to get the wanderbug out of their carburetor at frequent intervals. They conquer ennui in a war of movement.

Buddy is still a home-body, comfortably parked in his palatial barrel-stave bungalow.

But his sympathy and affection go out to his friends, the gadders and gadderettes. He likes to see 'em kick dust all over the continent, so long as they write often and leave forwarding addresses.

Furthermore, Buddy thinks he ought to keep 'em posted on tourist opportunities and attractions. He can do this by getting the right kind of *Travel Advertising* in the Weekly.

The only way he can obtain contracts for such advertising is to prove that the Weekly's host of readers includes a large touristical clientele. Advertising managers of railroads, tourist agencies, hotels and resorts have got to be shown—via coupons!

Yes, kupes are round-trip passes to success when Buddy mounts the rattler on the road to Travel Advertising. Tell Buddy on the freckled short line what railroad system you believe should be coupled to the Weekly's Advertising Limited. What Tourist agency should recount the romance, the charm, the educational advantages, of specially conducted tours from sea to sea, from Gulf to Guelph (Canada).

Hotels, whether at Atlantic City, the Rockies, Pasadena, the Wisconsin lakes, the Carolinas, the New England Coast—should they not be registered in the Weekly on The American (Legion) plan?

Koupons, let's introduce those Travel advertisers to our trail-hitters!

To the Advertising Manager,  
627 West 43rd Street, New York

I would like to see the following Railroad lines, Hotel Systems and Tourist Agencies advertised in our Weekly:

1. ....

Give reason. ....

2. ....

Give reason. ....

Name. ....

Address. ....

Post. ....

## OUR DIRECTORY

These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad in

### AUTOS & AUTO ACCESSORIES

VChevrolet Motor Co. ....  
VVVLiberty Top & Tire Co. ....  
VVMellinger Tire & Rubber Co. ....

### BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

VVVVVAmerican Publishing Co. ....  
VVVNelson Doubleday. .... 4  
VJudge. ....  
VLittle Leather Library. .... Back Cover  
VVG. & C. Merriam Co. ....  
VVVVVPathfinder Pub. Co. ....

### BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

VVAcorn Brass Mfg. Co. .... 29  
VVAAkron Lamp Co. ....  
VVAmerican Floor Surfacing Mach. Co. ....  
VVArtcraft Studios. .... 29  
VBoyle Lock Co. .... 30  
VButler & Butler. .... 29  
VVCohled Fire Protector Co. .... 27  
VVVVVComer Mfg. Co. ....  
VDetroit Auto Painting School. .... 30  
VPirette Company. .... 27  
VW. Z. Gibson, Inc. .... 27  
VVVVGoodyear Mfg. Co. .... 30  
VVVVJennings Mfg. Co. .... 26  
VMacFadden Publications. .... 25  
VVVVMadison Shirt Co. ....  
VVVVVAlbert Mills. ....

VMonarch Tailoring Co. ....  
VM. Pitkin & Co. .... 23  
VVPremier Mfg. Co. .... 24  
VVSanta Fe Railway. ....  
VStenco Engineering Co. .... 27  
VTaylor Cap Manufacturers. ....  
VM. H. Tyler Mfg. Co. .... 21  
VWashington Tailoring Co. .... 29  
VWest Angus Show Card Service, Ltd. .... 27  
VWholesale Direct Tailors. .... 26

### CONFECTIONS

VVVAmerican Chile Co. .... 24  
VBunte Brothers. ....

### ENTERTAINMENT

VVVVT. S. Denison. ....

### FOOD PRODUCTS

VVVVVVThe Genesee Pure Food Co. ....  
VHorlick's Malted Milk. ....  
VJ. L. Kraft & Bros. Co. ....

### HOUSEHOLD NECESSITIES

VVVVVHartman Furniture & Carpet Co. ....

"BE IT RESOLVED, that with a firm belief in the value of our magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY—as a national advertising medium; with the realization that due to limited subscription price and constantly increasing cost of production, the improvements which we desire to see in it will only be made possible through increased advertising revenue—and that increased advertising revenue depends primarily upon our support of advertisers in the WEEKLY—we hereby pledge our support and our patronage, as individuals, and as an organization, to those advertisers who use the columns of our official magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY."

Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

### INSURANCE

VVVJohn Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co. ....

### INVESTMENTS

VAdair Realty & Trust Co. ....  
VColumbia Mortgage Co. ....  
VVVG. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co. ....

### JEWELRY, INSIGNIA, MEMORIALS

VVVVVVAmerican Legion Emblem Division. ....  
VVVVVBurlington Watch Co. ....  
VVVingsoll Watch Co. ....  
VVVVVSanta Fe Watch. ....  
VU. S. Supply Co. .... 29

### MEDICINAL

VVMusterole Co. .... 23  
VZonite. ....

### MEN'S WEAR

VVThe Florsheim Shoe Co. ....  
VVHoleproof Hosiery Co. .... 25  
VVNu Way Stretch Suspender Co. ....  
VVVRelliance Mfg. Co. ....  
VRollins Hosiery. ....

### MISCELLANEOUS

VVAmerican Doughboy Studios. .... 24  
VAssoc. of Army and Navy Stores. .... 30  
VJ. Buchstein. ....  
VThe Clark Grave Vault Co. ....  
VVCole & Co. .... 30  
VElto Outboard Motor Co. ....  
VDuane W. Gaylord. ....  
VJ. L. Whiting—J. J. Adams. ....  
VWisconsin Incubator. ....  
VWollensak Optical Co. ....

### MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

VVVVVBuscher Band Instrument Co. .... 28  
VVVVVG. G. Conn., Ltd. ....

### PATENT ATTORNEYS

VVLACEY & LACEY. ....  
VVE. E. Stevens Jr. .... 30

## of ADVERTISERS

our AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY." Or tell the same thing to the salesman or dealer from whom you buy their products.

### RADIO SUPPLIES

Kellogg Switchboard & Supply Co. .... 30

### SCHOOLS AND INSTRUCTION

VVVVAmerican School. .... 23  
V★VFRANKLIN INSTITUTE. .... 22  
VVVVVInternational Correspondence Schools. .... 21  
VKnights of Columbus. .... 29  
VLandon School. ....  
VVVVVLaSalle Extension University. .... 30  
VWArthur Murray. .... 3  
VVVVVPatterson Civil Service School. ....  
V★VSTANDARD BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTE. .... 28  
VVVVVSweeney Auto School. ....  
VVVVVVF. W. Tamblin. ....  
VVVVVUniversity of Applied Science. ....

### SMOKERS' NEEDS

VVVVVVAmerican Tobacco Co. ....  
VVVVVLiggett & Myers Tobacco Co. .... 20  
VTobacco Guarantee Agency. ....

### SOFT DRINKS

VVVCoca Cola. ....

### SPORTS AND RECREATION

VVVVIndian Motorcycle Co. ....  
VVVVMead Cycle Co. .... 30

### STATIONERY AND STATIONERY SUPPLIES

Post Printing Service. ....

### TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH

VVVVAmerican Telephone & Telegraph Co. ....

### TOILET NECESSITIES

Bleachodent. .... 26  
VForhan Co. .... 22  
VVA. S. Hinds Co. ....  
VPalmolive Company. ....  
VVVVVPepsodent Co. ....

### TRAVEL AND TRANSPORTATION

French Line. .... 23

### TYPEWRITERS

VCorona Typewriter. .... 19  
VInternational Typewriter Exchange. ....  
VVVVVShipman Ward Mfg. Co. .... 30  
VVVVSmith Typewriter Sales Co. .... 25  
VVVYoung Typewriter Co. ....

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We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," Issue of December 22, 1922. Readers are requested to report promptly any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

Advertising rates: \$3.00 per agate line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 lines (1 inch). THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City.

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ADVERTISE  
LET'S  
PATRONIZE



# An Offer That May Never Be Made Again

Why we have been willing to lose money on this introductory offer—and why it must soon be withdrawn

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And this may be the *last time* it will ever be offered.

We have been willing to lose money on it, for the very interesting reason explained below. Our loss, however, is *your gain*.

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We know what has happened in the past on our previous sets after they were introduced—*orders poured in by the thousands*.

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That is the reason—the only reason—we have been willing to lose money on this offer.

This New set is, in many respects, the finest we have ever published. It



includes the *best works*, each one complete, of such famous authors, as:

Barrie	Irving
Kipling	Ibsen
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Whittier	Dante
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Little Leather Library Corporation  
Dept. 503  
218 West 46th Street New York, N. Y.

**LITTLE LEATHER LIBRARY CORP.**

Dept. 503  
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New York

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City ..... State .....

(Outside U. S. \$3.50; cash with order.)

